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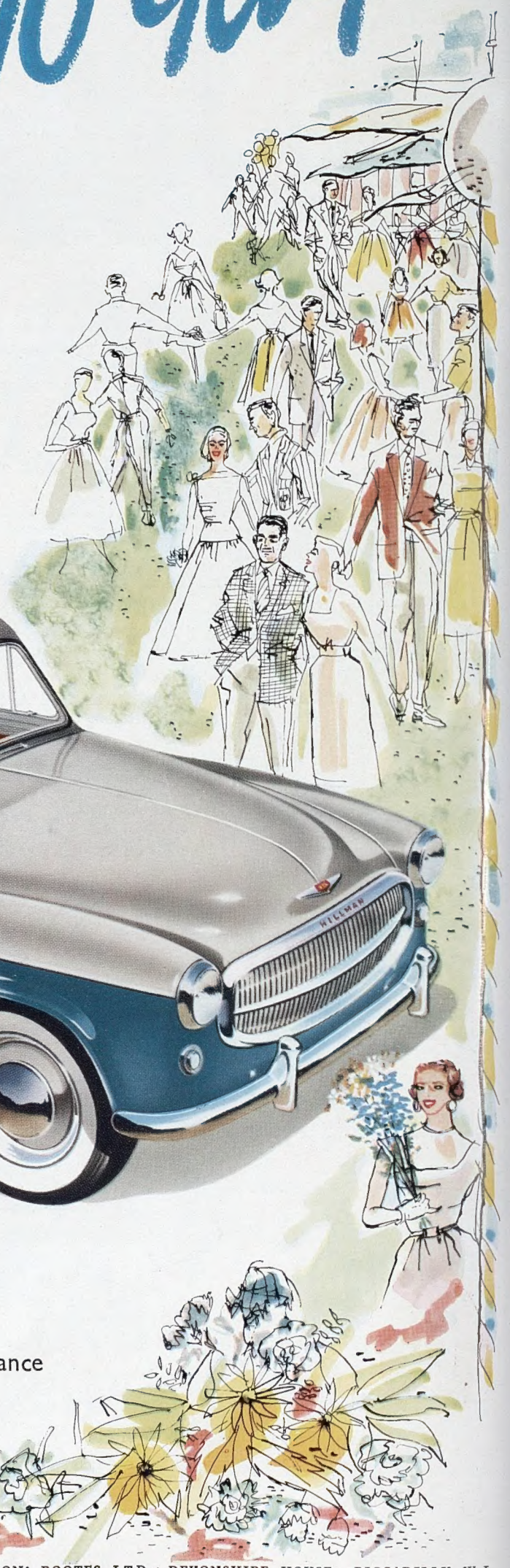

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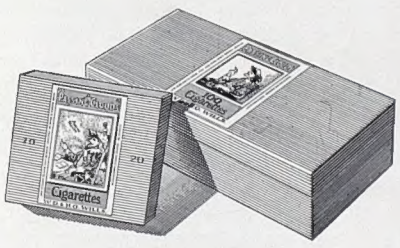

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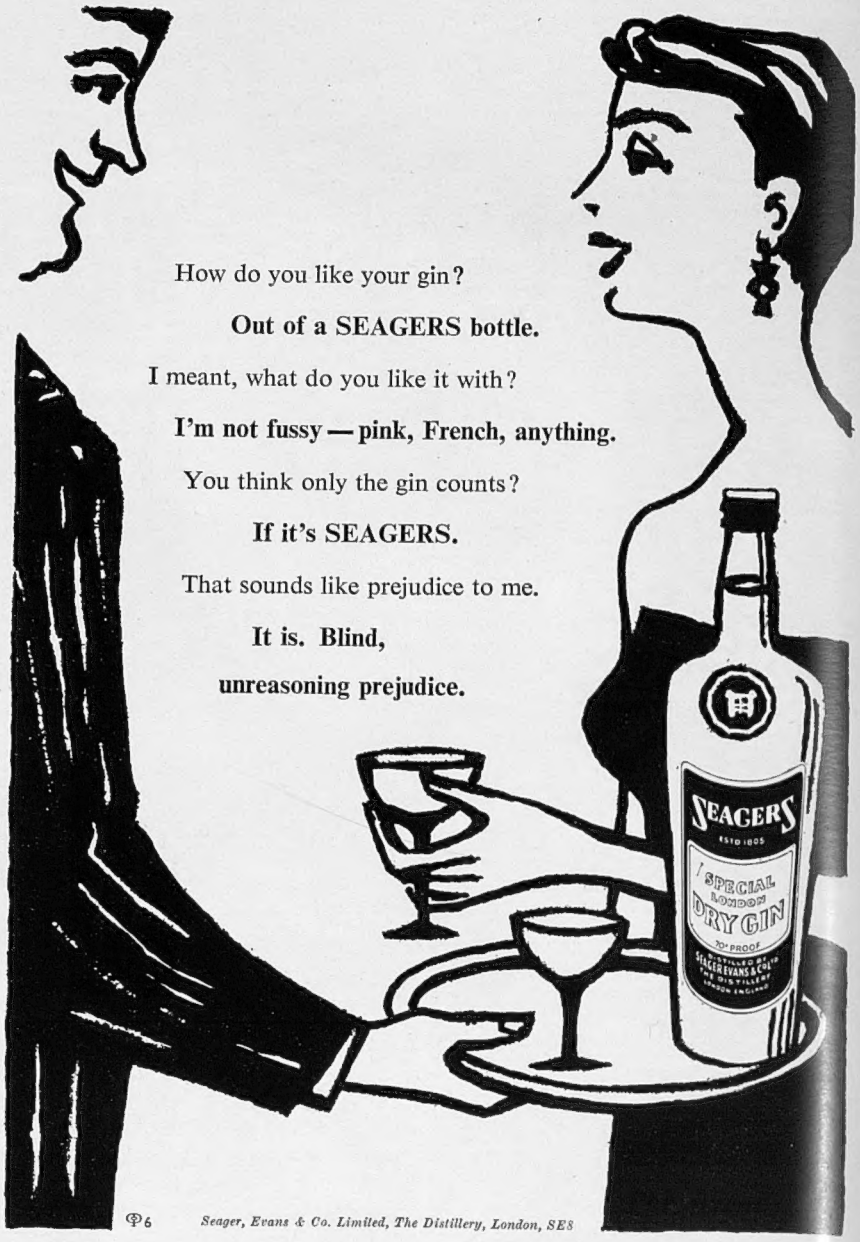

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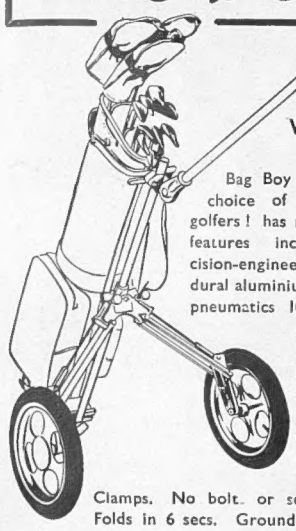

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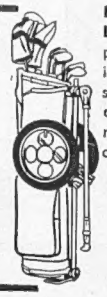

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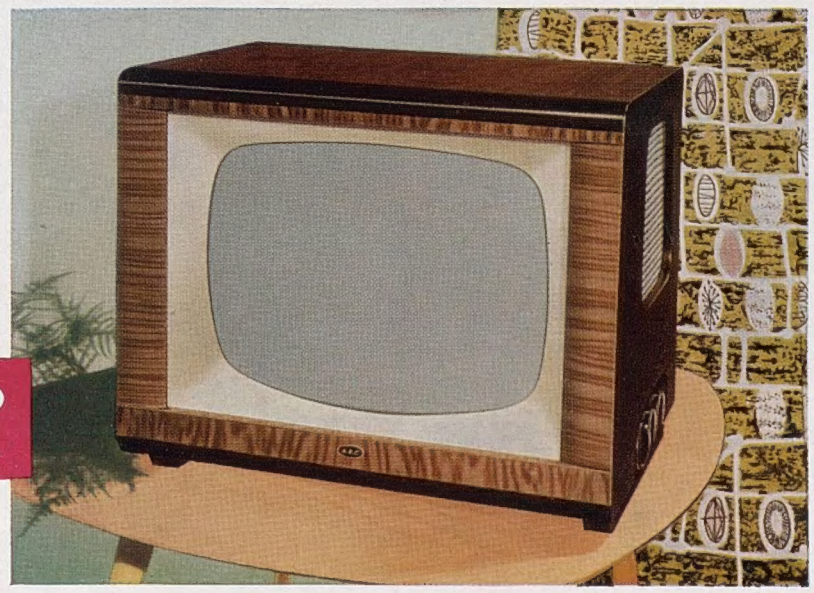

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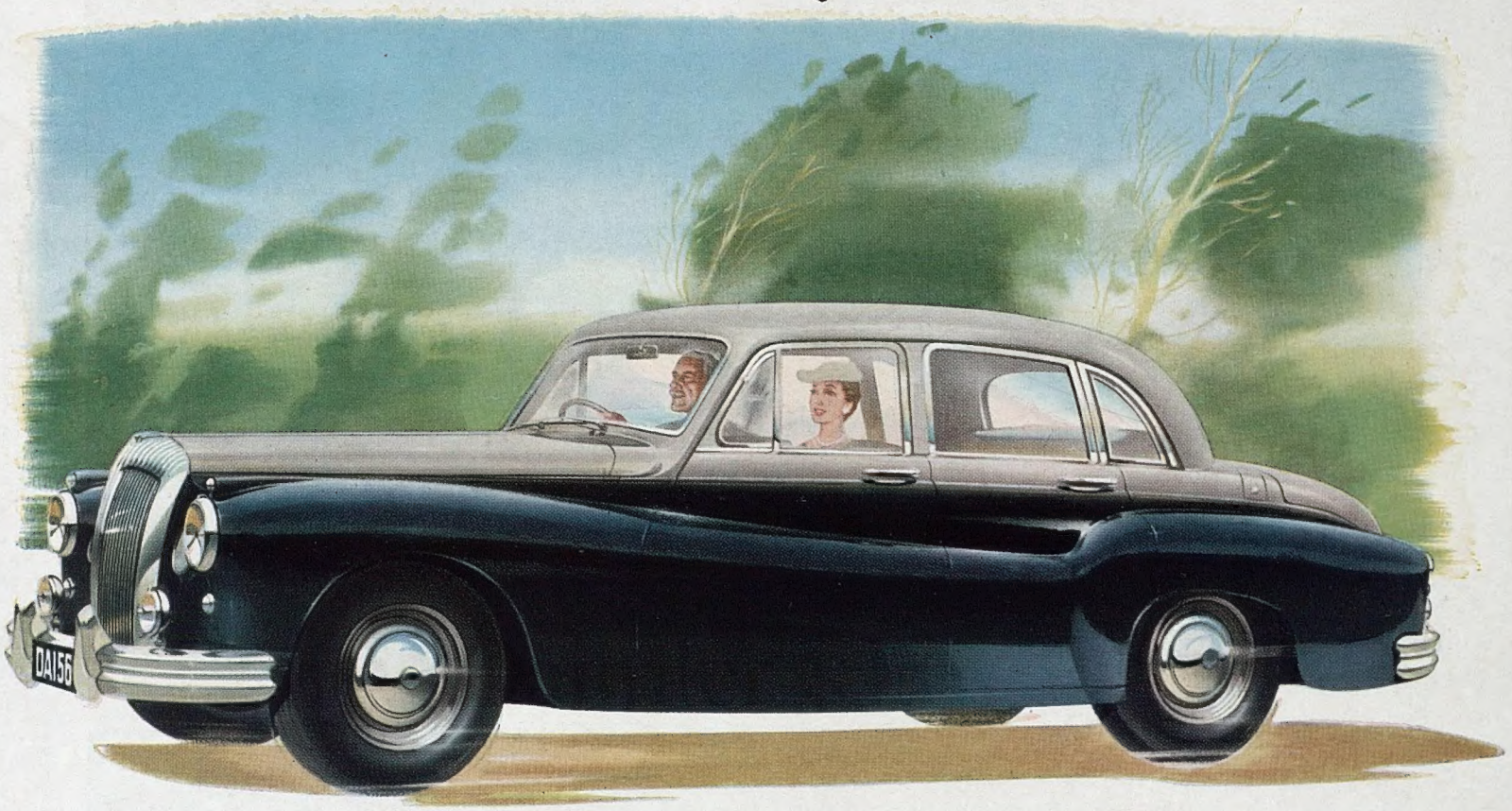

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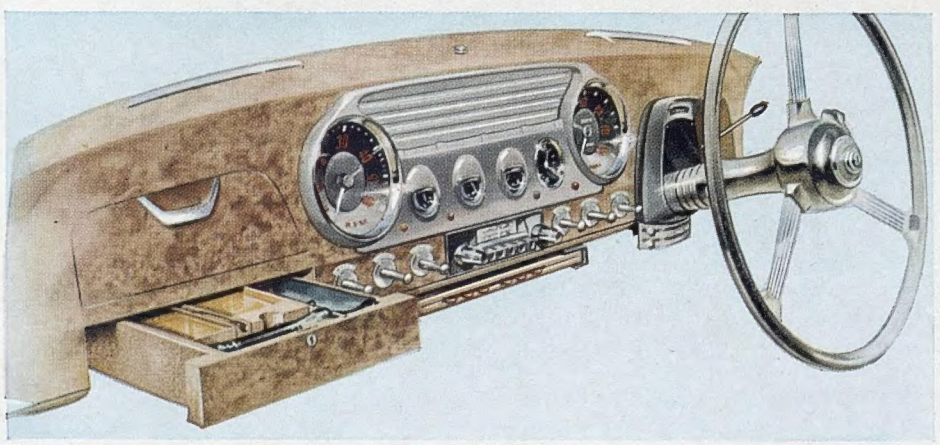

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Volume CCXXIII No. 2905

The SPHERE, London, October 15, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

A WEEK-END IN PERTHSHIRE—THE QUEEN AND HER TWO CHILDREN AT THE VILLAGE CHURCH AT KINCLAVEN LAST SUNDAY: Her Majesty waves to the crowd of about 200 which had gathered at Kinclaven Church to watch the Royal Family leave after attending morning service. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, had motored to the church from Meikleour House, where they were spending the week-end with the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne.

Morning service at a little country church in Perthshire was last Sunday a special occasion, for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with their two children, were present. A large crowd had gathered at Kinclaven to greet the Royal party, and saw the Queen arrive, wearing a tweed costume with a white hat, and a large sapphire brooch. Princess Anne was wearing a turquoise coat, with gloves and handbag to match, and Prince Charles was in the kilt. The Queen and her family were accompanied by the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and their youngest daughter, Lady Georgina, as well as the Master of Elphinstone, a cousin of the Queen. The Royal Family was spending the week-end as guests of the Marquis and Marchioness at Meikleour House, three miles from the church. After the service the journey back to Meikleour was cut to a few hundred yards by crossing the River Tay by fishing boat, instead of by the road bridge. At the end of the week-end the Duke of Edinburgh drove to Dundee, where he joined the Royal Yacht *Britannia*, in which he was travelling to Denmark. The Queen and her children returned to Balmoral.

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THE ESSEX RETRIEVER TRIALS

THE FIELD MOVES OFF : A general view of the scene at Finchingfield when the Essex Field Trial Society held its annual two-day Retriever Trials. Among those acting as "guns" was Mr. Richard Butler, son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. For the third year in succession there was a Royal entry at the trials, one of the Queen's Labradors from Sandringham being handled by Mr. J. Curtis.

A PAUSE DURING THE TRIALS : From left are Mr. Richard Butler and his wife ; Mr. J. Wylie, one of the judges, and Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Ruggles-Brise, President of the Society.

THE QUEEN'S ENTRY AT FINCHINGFIELD : Hiwood Jet, one of the Labradors from Sandringham, is seen delivering a pheasant to its handler, Mr. J. Curtis, after retrieving it during the trials. Hiwood Jet was born in February, 1952.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Can Governments be Improved ?—

While the two parties are engaged in plans to strengthen their appeal to the voters and their claims to offer really sound Governments now and hereafter, there are the usual signs of differences within the ranks and plenty of speculations by "students of politics" concerning Ministers who must go and recruits who must come in. I suppose there are among laymen a few who question whether in our present state of mind and democracy any Government or shadow Government, however superbly and wisely manned, can accomplish the bare and first duty of Governments—to govern. I suppose that if an intelligent man, released from a hermit's cell, denied news and ignorant of all that had taken place in England since 1939, were to arrive in London and peruse a few numbers of the popular daily Press, he might well wonder if he had returned to Bedlam and ask himself whether a nation, once responsible and respected, and now so wholly given over to trivialities and self-interest, could possibly be worth saving ; and, if it were, whether a Government of archangels could to-day rescue it from the abyss in which it wallows. For he would find every walk of our British life described and catered for as if it were no more responsible than the Soho underworld. No doubt our hermit's first impressions would be surface impressions. He would withhold his final verdict until he had an opportunity to visit workshops, farms, the civil and defence services, and so on, and to talk with serious-minded people. But, after all, his first surface impressions should afford him at least a vague clue to the kind of people he had returned to live with. Certainly those derived from the popular Press would suggest to him that the strongest Government ever set up in England would be powerless to direct and govern a nation so allergic to serious purpose and responsibility, so intoxicated with heady wine, so bloated with bread and circuses, so infinitely more powerful, by its threats and counter-actions, to hamstring any Government reforms than ever before. Many critics say (and wilder charges have been brought against Governments) that even now there is room for improvement in our Foreign Service or that our budgetary policy still needs adjustments, but our returned hermit must still be asking himself whether improvements such as these have any urgency until a greater task has been tackled—to bring the nations to a sense of responsibility and to the acceptance of restraint and discipline ; in short, to make them once again worth saving by perfecting the instrument of Government.

Are We So Bad ?—

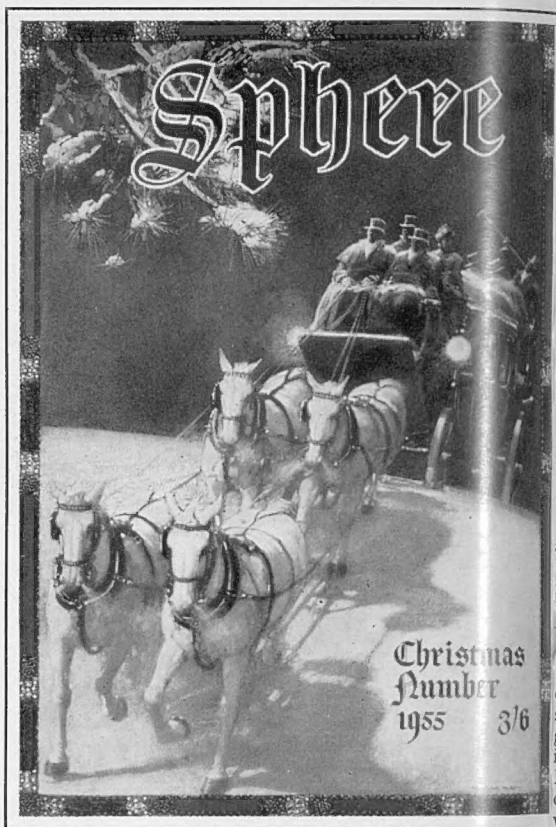
For when our hermit turns to the more sober organs of the Press to discover the true state of the nations from a reading of the "serious" news, he might see excuses for the "sensationals," and indeed a justification for the enormous proportion of their space given over to sport and trivialities. He might find excuses for our nation and find us internationally not so irresponsible as at first we seemed. For wherever he turned his eye, he would read of battle, murder and sudden death, of nationalism run mad, of indiscipline *in excelsis*, of minorities in control of majorities, of envy, hatred and malice rife, of a world—or a large part of it—given over to insurrection, bloodshed and sabotage. The most sober organ in recent weeks may have found it possible to avoid being trivial but not so easy to avoid being sensational. Our hermit would note among the nations a few peoples not "in the news" in these particulars and might be inclined to include Britain among the innocent few. He might still judge us to be irresponsible as a people, but at least comparatively innocent and certainly powerless to control the fate of civilisation. He would decide that football and pools and bathing belles (in their season) and such are at least more desirable interests than insurrection and sabotage, and that a people so powerless to improve the world might do worse than to prefer news of sport and interest in gambling to atrocities and civil war. And, after all, a nation's recreations are important, and a nation which gives its Government no greater headaches than we give our Government is not to be catalogued among the most irresponsible units in civilisation. In time of peace, it is better to attend circuses than to plot assassinations and *coups d'état.*

An Aspect of Full Employment.—

While I agree that recreation for the workers has an important bearing on their output of work, a question which I should like to see resolved by the statisticians of the Labour Ministry is one which I have not happened to read about in the Press or to hear discussed. It is this : what proportion of our labour force under full employment is to-day engaged in providing recreation for the public as opposed to work once regarded as of national importance ? I should very much like to compare the ratios with those of a comparable period of more or less full employment in the past thirty years. I magine that the ratio so employed would startle us, both by its present size and the speed of increase. I presume we should be justified in including some part of the Press, a proportion of those engaged in broadcasting and television and horse-racing, a still greater proportion in football and cricket and golf, the cinema, the theatre, dog-racing, speed-track racing and a heterogeneous mass of "circuses" and many other "trades" which do not immediately occur to me. The list of "circuses" would be challenged, of course. Horse-racing and car-racing would be claimed as essential tests in the breeding and training of bloodstock and in the manufacture of serviceable modern cars, and football, cricket, golf and athletics are clearly regarded as matters of international importance, if only in the cause of peace. Yet in the age we live in, in our desperate struggle to survive in a competitive economic war, there must still be *priorities*, first things first, and I fancy the figures I seek would jolt us into realising that our full employment is not harnessed to essentials but uneconomically spread over a great variety of occupations which do very little to restore our economy.

Mr. Butler's Notions of Froth.—

The Chancellor's Mansion House address to bankers and merchants could only hint at the sharpness of his new axe. So far, he has taken some steps to curtail spending and borrowing, with the City's general approval and with rather leisurely results. His lips are sealed until Parliament meets to hear and discuss the other vital side of his remedial measures, to lay an axe at last to the root of our ills, the root of administrative extravagance. All Mr. Butler could say was that "measures to restrict credit must be further helped by parallel action to curtail expenditure in the public sector," and he promised to "blow the share of the froth off a brimful economy." Apart from whether the jargon means anything, the use of fog obscures the meaning of his simpler terms. How wide and deep is the "public sector" ? How high and how low does the "froth" go ? Does the "public sector" include Whitehall *and* the Urban or Rural District ? Or is the shocking waste in local administration froth too light to be worth his breath ? I wish he had time to come himself for just one day to the palatial offices of one county council and examine the huge, redundant, overlapping committees, to weigh the output of paper and agendas which each set



THE 1955 CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE SPHERE" : This is the cover design by Millar Watt, who has also painted two of the many colour-pages in this issue ; his subject—"Travelling with Mr. Pickwick"—the types of coach in use when Dickens was writing. The central feature of the issue is a collection of remarkable colour photographs of common plants, described by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald. Notable among the other pages in full colour are Montague Dawson's paintings of Buckler's Hard in the great days when Nelson's ships were built there ; an amusing Victorian back-stage scene by Charles Green ; two Christmastide paintings by seventeenth-century Dutch masters ; and pages of little-known pictures by James Pollard and Thomas Rowlandson. In black and white are reproductions of Queen Victoria's drawings and etchings ; two pages of "Children's Games Through the Ages," by Pauline Baynes ; a Christmas short story by Christopher Dilke ; articles by George Blake and W. Macqueen-Pope ; a delightful and amusing essay by Paul Jennings ; and selections from Augustus Hare's macabre repertoire of ghost stories. These are only a selection of the pages in this original but traditional Christmas number.

Copies of THE SPHERE *Christmas Number, which will be published on Friday, November* 11, *may be ordered now from your newsagent or at any bookstall, price* 3*s.* 6*d., or direct from the Publisher, Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2, *for* 3*s.* 10*d.* (*This includes postage*).

meeting spawns, to tot up the little bills which represent the "travelling allowances" of hundreds of councillors and justices as they speed redundant miles over their counties to swell the talk about matters better (and finally) done by sub-committees of two or three or to listen to lectures on remote legal subjects far outside their duties on the Bench. But this froth is too airy for any Chancellor. "Take care of the pence" is no slogan for a specialist of the pound.

Last of the "Souls."—Several men and women have been called in their obituaries "the last of the 'Souls.'" It was for me a title which never inspired sympathy. Perhaps Lady Oxford's publicity of their wit and initiative went some way to alienate our admiration and certainly some of the most famous of them ended their careers in the chronicles of small beer. Perhaps Mrs. Harry Cust, who died the other day, was indeed the last of them and one of the most genuine. She was certainly a personality, a woman of wide reading and no little scholarship and, in a circle of intellectuals, she inherited from her mother, Lady Welby-Gregory, the art of creating a "salon" and bringing together under her roof a variety of men and women of every political shade and type. She wrote of the past but (like Queen Mary) was never prejudiced by the past. 1893 was a year in which I began to take notice and record memories. In that year she married Harry Cust, a name to conjure with even now in social memoirs and journalism. Soon after his marriage he acquired the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, losing the entire staff of what had been a Radical paper, and in a few years converted it into a powerful organ of Unionist opinion which every civilised household spelt through before dressing for dinner. What worlds away! The evening paper then and now—the doings of "society" then and now! But Mrs. Harry Cust lived through those changes, was still at work on her books when the bombs were falling in 1941 and 1942 and still collecting such lions as survived and could spare the time for the old-world recreation of good conversation. Somehow, a link with the '90's seems as slender, as long, as rare, as a link with Trafalgar, 150 years ago this year. And taking out a faded copy of the "Old Pall" and putting it beside the silk scarf which Hardy wore on that famous day aboard the *Victory*, these two family relics seem to be contemporary antiquities.

Jack Spot.—I doubt if the most trivial recorder of current events would devote a paragraph to the trial of "Jack Spot" if it were not for its remarkable and obscure aftermath. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* From the Recorder down to the police "spokesman," utterances during and concerning the trial and the subsequent investigation ordered by the D.P.P. have been so cryptic, so hedged with jargon, so curtailed, that the sleuths of the Press could hardly invent "stories" or offer theories concerning what was afoot, and the why and wherefore. A number of people were being shadowed, a number more, carefully screened from public view, were being questioned as "likely to be of help to the police" and an ancient clergyman was constantly in the picture and seems to have dragged in to the drama a number of his "relatives." It was all very mysterious. I doubt if the Cato Street conspiracy evoked so much public curiosity so little satisfied. Usually some newspaper expert in crime gives us a clear picture of what 's afoot in a criminal investigation and proves usually to have guessed right. But this particular "night of long knives" remained obscure for a remarkably long time. Of course, it wasn't so obscure as all that. Most of us guessed what the investigation was about (an old obstruction of the "course of justice" in race-gang vendettas). The novelty lay in the fog generated by all concerned, officials or Press-sleuths. It is rarely that so much lip-service is paid to matters *sub judice*, but the paper boys seem to have reaped a harvest in the fog.

Oranges.—A charming letter from a reader in South Africa warmed my heart and arrived very timeously. I value my fan-mail, especially just now when it is not easy to write a very cheerful newsletter. This particular letter is timeous as coming from the wife of a director of one of the big orange pack-houses in South Africa. Under his management 200,000,000 oranges are picked and packed and pass through his warehouses in a year. I have been all this summer wishing to ask at the fountain-head why it is that so many imported oranges, this year only, have lost their sweetness. For years I have revelled in imported oranges in summer and found them sweeter and more refreshing than most of the native fruits still available to us seasonally. It is a poor return to a letter of so much sweetness to raise a question of sourness in oranges ("the answer 's a lemon"); and it is only because the letter comes from a fountain-head of orange groves that I raise the question. I hope I shall be assured that the charge is not sustainable against South African oranges.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE 1955 MOTOR SHOW

A Survey by "The Sphere" Motoring Correspondent. Fully illustrated with drawings by CAVENDISH MORTON, and photographs.

THE REOPENING OF THE INNER TEMPLE HALL

A SPECIAL OCCASION AT THE TEMPLE: A luncheon is held in the newly-restored Hall after the informal private ceremony which was held to mark its reopening. In this picture, Lord Oaksey, the Treasurer, who presided at the luncheon, is seen making his speech to the Benchers and members of the Inner Temple. The newly-rebuilt Hall replaces the one destroyed during the severe bombing of the Temple in 1941. It is in a Georgian style and the outside walls are of red brick with stone additions. The bricks are hand-made. The Hall itself is on an upper floor and is lighted by round-headed windows decorated with the armorial bearings of former Lord High Chancellors who have been Benchers of the Inn. There is a marble floor and the room is heated from beneath.

THE COCKLE INDUSTRY IN THE THAMES ESTUARY IS PROSPERING

THE COCKLE-BOATS ARE UNLOADED AT LEIGH-ON-SEA, ESSEX: The cocklemen are carrying wicker-baskets from one of the boats en route to the quayside sheds. There the cockles are boiled before being sent to market. The cockles are raked off the sandbanks of the Estuary and taken back to Leigh in the small boats. When the tide is out the boats often have to negotiate narrow channels through the mudbanks. Prosperity is now returning to the industry after several poor years, floods and frost having caused a temporary setback. Leigh's cockle-sheds still form a prominent part of the landscape and visitors in the district often make a special journey to see them.

A FRIGATE SAILS FOR THE RIOT TOWN: The Danish naval vessel *Rolf Krake* is leaving Korsoer, in Denmark, for Klaksvig, on Bördo, in the Faroe Islands. Aboard were the Danish Finance Minister and a combined force of police and sailors. Trouble has again broken out at Klaksvig over Dr. E. Halvorsen, who was dismissed by the Danish Government from his post of medical superintendent of Bördo last spring.

The Faroe Vikings Continue their Stand

Riot Police go to Klaksvig, where there is Further Trouble over a Dismissed Doctor

Another chapter is being added to the saga of the modern Vikings in the remote island of Bördo, in the Faroes. The apparent cause of the events is the dismissal of a medical superintendent from the island. But beneath it are deep differences which have roused the Viking blood of the island's descendants of the Norsemen.

The story begins some three years ago, when the doctor in charge of Bördo died. As a temporary measure a certain Dr. Halvorsen, then employed at the hospital of Thorshavn, was put into the post. Dr. Halvorsen was said to have been a member of the Danish Nazi Party before the war. During the war he fled to Sweden and then went to the Faroes. Because of his alleged conduct during the German occupation of Denmark, he was barred from membership of the Danish Doctors' Union. On these grounds the Danish Health Department would not confirm Dr. Halvorsen's appointment to Bördo.

For over two years the people of Klaksvig defied the Danish authorities' edict. Dr. Halvorsen remained on the island and carried on as medical superintendent. Then early this year the local Faroese Parliament decided that Dr. Halvorsen must go. In April a party arrived at Klaksvig to enforce the decision. Angry crowds forced them back to their ship and cut the moorings. A resistance organisation was formed on Bördo. Fishing boats patrolled outside the harbour to prevent the arrival of a force of police from Denmark. On land men were on guard armed with shotguns and cartridges. Eventually a member of the Danish Government was able to patch up a temporary "peace." Dr. Halvorsen was to go and an official inquiry was to be held.

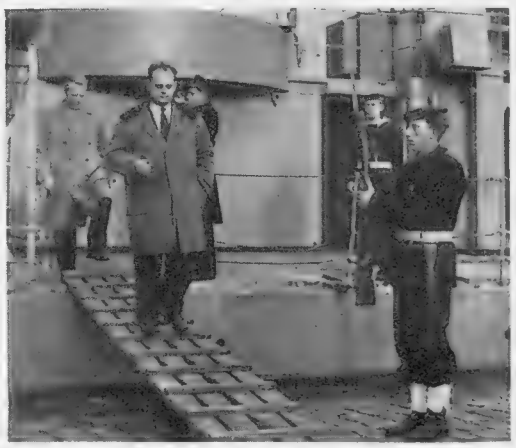
The doctor did withdraw, to Copenhagen, where he set up in private practice, and it might be thought that the story was ended. But recently the trouble has flared up again. The people of Klaksvig allege that the Danish Government has not kept its side of the bargain—there has been no inquiry—and so the inhabitants are demanding the return of Dr. Halvorsen. There have been demonstrations and disorder.

Under these circumstances the Danish Government had to take strong measures once more. Police were dispatched to the island and had to disperse rioters with baton charges, after they themselves had been stoned. Again Hr. Kampmann, the Danish Minister of Finance, who negotiated the truce in the spring, went to Klaksvig on behalf of his Government.

The situation appears to have been worse than it was in the spring. The people of Klaksvig particularly resent the presence of the police, who patrol the streets with dogs and guard the harbour with the assistance of sailors with fixed bayonets. There have been many complaints of rough treatment of local people by the police.

The matter has gone far beyond a dispute over a medical superintendent. Behind it are local politics. Mr. Patursson, the chairman of the Faroe Islands' extremist Republican Party, is employing the occasion to demand "full independence for the Faroes." In Klaksvig a 24-hour general strike was called. The Danish Government, on its side, compares what is happening with events in Cyprus. Order, they understandably point out, must be restored and the law respected. Detectives have been sent from Copenhagen to trace the ringleaders of the continual disturbances and uprisings, and Hr. Kampmann has refused to negotiate with the rioters.

An end to this long saga may not be written for some time yet. But at least it seems certain that the "Klaksvikings" will have to suppress their inheritance from the wild Norsemen of old and subject themselves to law and order before they can expect the Danish Government to consider any justification of their political claims.



THE MINISTER ARRIVES: Hr. Kampmann, the Danish Finance Minister, comes to Klaksvig on behalf of the Danish Government to restore order.

THE CHIEF FIGURE IN THE CONTROVERSY: Dr. Halvorsen, on the left, who was dismissed from his post at Klaksvig, is now in private practice in Copenhagen.

POLICE ON GUARD: A cordon has been formed near the harbour at Klaksvig. There has been a number of incidents and minor riots in the town. A general strike was called for one day as a protest against the presence of the riot police who, the inhabitants alleged, had subjected them to rough treatment.

German Generals Freed by Russia

The First of Nearly 10,000 German P.O.W.s are Returned to Germany by the Soviet Authorities

Last week-end Friedland camp, in Lower Saxony, was the scene of an excited welcome home to West Germany for the early batches of the prisoners of war from Russia now being returned by the Soviet authorities. Under the agreement made between Dr. Adenauer and Marshal Bulganin, the return of 9,626 prisoners is promised—according to Moscow, the only remaining prisoners in Soviet hands.

As the buses adorned with flowers made their way along the road from the West German Zonal border, they were cheered by onlookers. At Friedland a reception committee included the Federal Vice-Chancellor, Herr Blücher, and other Ministers. One bus brought in ex-generals, among them the former artillery commander at the siege of Stalingrad, Walter von Seydlitz. He had achieved prominence in captivity by being named by the Russians as a leader in the Soviet-sponsored "National Committee for a Free Germany," formed among prisoners of war. Most of the returned prisoners reported that they had been badly and often brutally treated until last month. Then, after the Moscow-Bonn agreement, the attitude of the Russians towards them suddenly changed. The ex-generals were even feted before they left Moscow.

One of the most pathetic spectacles at Friedland is the presence of relatives of men still missing. Most of these relatives are women, and they carry boards on which are inscribed the name of their menfolk, in the hope that some returned prisoner will be able to give information about the fate of one of the vast number of German soldiers who have never been accounted for in Russia. There is in Germany a widespread belief that many of them may still be alive in Russia.

The most eagerly interviewed returned prisoners have undoubtedly been two who claim to be able to give the first eye-witness evidence of the deaths of Hitler and Eva Braun in the bunker beneath Berlin. They are Heinz Linge, who was the Führer's valet, and Hans Baur, his personal pilot.

FORMER COMMANDERS IN HITLER'S ARMY RETURN TO THEIR FATHERLAND : At Friedland camp, in Lower Saxony, some of the German generals are seen at a meal with their relatives who had come to meet them. The generals were in the first batch of the 9,626 prisoners of war who are being returned to Germany under the Adenauer-Bulganin agreement.

A CIVILIAN IS RELEASED : As the former Ministerialrat Henne (back to camera) is welcomed home his wife shows her deep emotion. Herr Henne, a former German civil servant, was among the civilians in the first parties of released prisoners.

A COLLABORATOR WITH THE SOVIET AUTHORITIES : Walter von Seydlitz talks to reporters at Friedland. He commanded the German artillery at Stalingrad, and, taken prisoner, he was a leader of the Soviet-sponsored "National Committee for a Free Germany."

CHEERS AND TEARS : A garlanded bus carrying former German generals arrives at Friedland. The occupants were greeted by a reception committee of West German Ministers and a vast cheering crowd. Some of the ex-prisoners and their relatives broke down.

NEW LIGHT ON THE LAST DAYS OF HITLER : Heinz Linge, the Führer's valet (*on left*), and Hans Baur, Hitler's personal pilot, claim to have been eye-witnesses of the death scene in the Bunker in Berlin in April 1945. Both returned from captivity in Russian prison camps last week-end to tell their stories to the West for the first time. Linge declares he was the last person to say good-bye to Hitler, who then shot himself, and that Eva Braun took poison. He helped carry their bodies above ground. Baur's story differs in a statement that Eva Braun also shot herself. He did not see the bodies removed. Baur also offers first-hand evidence of the death of Martin Bormann, the Deputy Führer, whose fate has up to now never been precisely decided. Baur says he was attempting to escape from Berlin with Bormann and saw the latter killed in a street.

AROUND THE GLOBE

A PICTORIAL REVIEW OF NEWS EVENTS I AMERICA, ASIA, EUROPE, AND AUSTRALI

THE PRINCESS ROYAL IS HONOURED IN CANADA : The Queen's aunt, wearin gown and mortar-board, is seen at Laval University, Quebec, after sh had received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. With the Princes Royal are, right, the Bishop of Quebec, Monsignor Maurice Roy, and th Secretary-General of the University, Monsignor Robert Dolbeck. Th Princess Royal is at present on a twenty-five-day visit to Canad

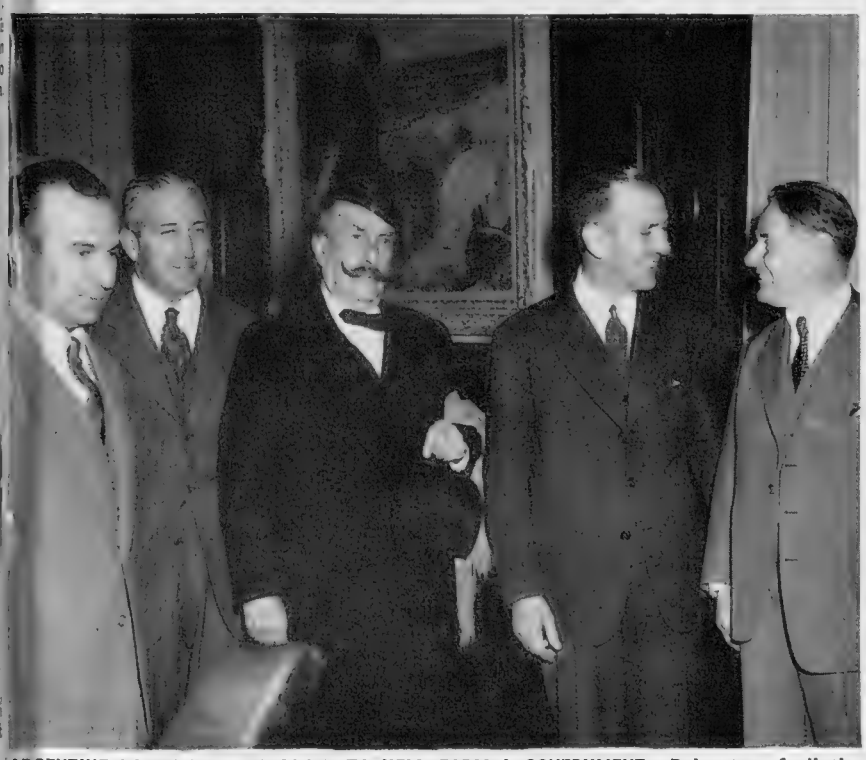
PARIS POLICE DEAL WITH OFFENDING MOTORISTS : A police breakdown van about to remove a car from a street in the eighth *arrondissement* in Pari The Prefect of Police has decided to take this drastic measure of removin cars so badly parked that they are a nuisance to public order. Londo police used similar tactics against motorists around Earls Court last yea

HURRICANE "JANET"—A MEXICAN CITY JUST KEEPS ITS HEAD ABOVE WATER : This view of ravaged Tampico is from a United States Navy aircraft which was bringing food and medical supplies to the stricken area. For Tampico, which lies a few miles from the Gulf of Mexico, Hurricane "Janet" was only the culmination of a late summer of storm and floods. A total of three hurricanes left the city at the mercy of the river, whose channel runs along the right of this picture. *On left*—The shambles of debris left in Chetumal City, Mexico, after Hurricane "Janet" had passed by. Ninety per cent. of this city was destroyed. Mexican officials have said that the entire population might have to be moved.

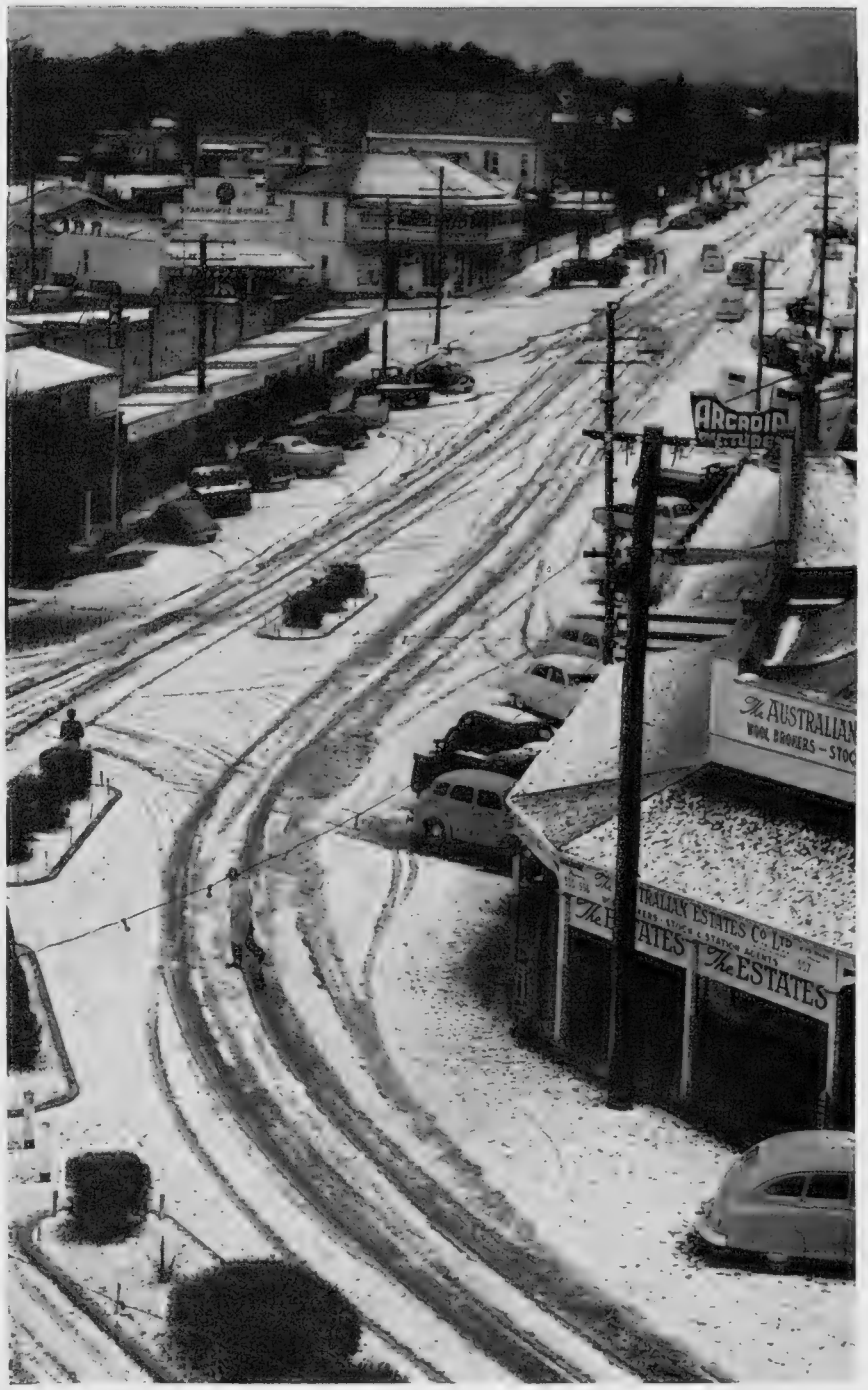
INDONESIA GOES TO THE POLLS FOR THE FIRST TIME : A rash of party signs spreads across one of the fashiona residential squares in Jakarta, the Indonesian capital. These symbols were much in evidence dur Indonesia's first election campaign, for they appeared on ballot papers for the benefit of the large numb of illiterate voters. *On left*—The newly-enfranchised women of the Indonesian Republic turned out force to vote on polling day. They stood patiently for many hours in the hot sun, carrying their childr and parasols. The men, following Muslim custom, stood in a separate queue. Although the results fr isolated islands in the archipelago will take some weeks to be collated, those from the main island of Java, in wh three-quarters of the electorate live, show that the chief gains have been made by the Communists and t Nationalists. Both parties are hostile to European elements in the Republic. There were reports that bandits h intimidated the electorate, firing shots and burning houses. A week after polling had taken place the electo authorities declared the results in large areas of Central Java to be void, and ordered another vote to be tak

A N.A.T.O. FLEET IN TRONDHEIM HARBOUR AFTER EXERCISE "SEA ENTERPRISE": Ships of the fleet which took part in the N.A.T.O. exercise off the Norwegian coast are seen anchored in Trondheim Harbour. Among them are the British aircraft-carriers *Centaur*, *Albion* and *Bulwark*; the depot ship *Tyne*, the minelayer cruiser *Apollo*, the cruiser *Glasgow*, and three naval tankers. Also anchored in the harbour were the United States Tactical Command Ship, *Northampton*; the Australian frigate *Queensborough*; and vessels of the Royal Canadian and the Royal Norwegian Navies.

THE "FORRESTAL" IS COMMISSIONED: A huge crowd throngs the hangar deck of the United States Navy's aircraft-carrier *Forrestal* during the commissioning ceremony at Portsmouth, Virginia. Rear-Admiral I. N. Kiland, Commandant of the Fifth Naval District, is seen on the platform accepting the ship for the Navy. This ceremony, which puts the great aircraft-carrier into service, was to have been held in the open on the 59,000-ton vessel's four-acre flight-deck, but rain drove the hundreds of guests and crew below decks. A week later *Forrestal's* sister ship the *Saratoga* was named.



ARGENTINE PARTY LEADERS ASKED TO HELP FORM A GOVERNMENT: Delegates of all the political parties, with the exception of the Peronista Party, gather at Government House, Buenos Aires, at the invitation of President Eduardo Lonardi. He asked them to collaborate in the setting up of a new Government. From left are Dr. Carlos H. Perette (Radical); Dr. Miguel Zabala Ortiz (Radical), who lived many years in exile in Montevideo until the fall of Peron; Dr. Alfredo L. Palacios, a Socialist leader, who will be Ambassador to Uruguay; President Lonardi; and another Socialist, Dr. Americo Ghioldi.



LOOK, NO SNOW! Not a flake of snow had fallen when this picture was taken at Stanthorpe, South-East Queensland. The main street of the town was given this snowlike mantle after a freak hailstorm had covered the district with white hailstones. The hail was up to 5 ins. deep in the streets, and was piled 15 ins. deep against shops and other buildings. Snow, in fact, is a very rare occurrence in this part of Australia.

DEATH SENTENCE FOR A LEADER OF THE PERSIAN COMMUNIST PARTY: Dr. Morteza Yazdi is closely guarded in a Teheran courtroom as he hears the death sentence passed on him for plotting to overthrow the monarchy. Dr. Yazdi, who is a founder-member of the Tudeh (Communist) Party, is a former Persian Minister of Health. He is a surgeon who received his training in Germany. In 1949 he was imprisoned for complicity in an attempt on the life of the Shah. He escaped from gaol soon afterwards and was recaptured only a few months ago. Dr. Yazdi appealed against his sentence.

FRENCH ARTILLERY GOES INTO ACTION AGAINST THE REBELS IN THE RIFF MOUNTAINS : Guns are deployed just off the road between Boured and Aknoul to deal with the rebel tribesmen who for nearly five days held sway over this mountainous region near the borders of French and Spanish Morocco. The tribesmen had swooped down from their mountain hideouts on French troops and Europeans after the departure of the Sultan into voluntary exile in Tangier, and considerable reinforcements had to be sent to the area.

THE RIFF REBELLION

Tribesmen and French Troops Engage in Savage Fighting in the Riff Mountains of Morocco

Immediately it became known that Sultan Sidi Muhammed ben Moulay Arafa had left Rabat for voluntary exile in Tangier the tribesmen in the Riff and Atlas mountains swept down from their mountain hideouts and decimated Europeans in villages and troops in isolated posts. Even ten days later it was impossible to gauge with any accuracy the extent of this latest rebellion in Morocco, which may turn out to rival in seriousness and savagery any seen in that country during the past few years.

For five days the rebels in the Riff had it all their own way. The inadequate forces at the disposal of the administration were quite unable to cope with a never-ceasing stream of tribesmen on the warpath. Reinforcements were sent in by air and road. Aeroplanes bombed rebel hideouts, and field artillery was employed. But in these mountain areas the devices of modern war avail little against in-born fieldcraft and intimate knowledge of the terrain. The reason why so little of the detail of the fighting is known is that the rebels have succeeded in cutting road and telegraph communications with terrifying efficiency and consistency.

Meanwhile, the Government in Paris has been facing its most crucial moments. With soldiers mutinying and refusing to go out to North Africa, and the Resident-General being suspected of disloyalty to the Cabinet, M. Faure sent a new Defence Minister, General Billotte, to North Africa to make an on-the-spot investigation. He flew to the Riff mountains, and returned with the words, "I personally guarantee the obedience of the Army." The Minister also talked of calling for more reinforcements from France.

On right—

FRENCH WOUNDED EVACUATED BY HELICOPTER : Legionnaires wounded in the fighting around Boured are taken away to hospital by helicopters. French troops found it difficult to make headway against the Riff rebels.

A LOCAL SUCCESS FOR FRENCH FORCES IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS : Tribesmen of Immouzer des Marmoucha, in Northern Morocco, carry pieces of white rag attached to sticks as they go out to surrender to French military forces. They had joined in some attacks on French troops after the voluntary departure of the Sultan.

THE RESIDENT-GENERAL WITH LOYAL NATIVE FORCES : General de Latour inspecting an outpost. It is now generally believed that the Resident-General has disobeyed Government instructions.

The Sultan Leaves

The Departure from Morocco of Sidi Muhammed ben Moulay Arafa brings the Crisis in North Africa to a Head

ALL EYES ON THE FATEFUL AIRCRAFT : The octogenarian Sultan, who was making his first aeroplane flight, looks up at the French Navy Bretagne aircraft before boarding it. He is escorted by senior French officers and officials, including the Resident-General of Morocco, and received full military honours at the airport.

On right—
THE SULTAN'S ADVISER WHO HAD TO FLEE TO ESCAPE ARREST : Si Abderrhamin Hajjoui, Protocol Vizier to Sultan ben Moulay Arafa, fled the Palace in Rabat when police came to arrest him for putting pressure on the Sultan not to leave his throne.

THE RESIDENT-GENERAL SEES THE BACK OF THE SULTAN : General Boyer de Latour, extreme right, sees Morocco's Sultan, at Sale Airport, enter the aircraft which took him into "retirement" at Tangier.

When the French Resident-General in Morocco watched the aged Sultan Sidi Muhammed ben Moulay Arafa ascend the steps to his aircraft on October 1, he must have wondered whether he was really seeing the back of him. Or even if the Sultan does not return from his voluntary exile in Tangier, whether his departure will give the French administration an opportunity to inaugurate a new political deal in Morocco, or merely open the floodgates to fresh terrorism.

Ben Moulay Arafa became Sultan in August 1953 when the ruling Sultan, ben Yussef, was deposed, with the connivance of the French Government, virtually at the point of tribal spears. The young, tennis-loving Sultan had become the hope of the Moroccan Nationalist movement. Feared by the French settlers in Morocco, disliked by the tough Resident-General at the time, General Juin, ben Yussef would have found it difficult enough to maintain his position without the opposition of El Glaoui.

El Glaoui is the fabulous Pasha of Marrakesh, one of the richest men in the world, who rules 1,000,000 Berber tribesmen and nearly 1,000,000 more in the Atlas mountains. The spears that drove ben Yussef on to an aeroplane for Madagascar were carried by El Glaoui's tribesmen. The Sultan who ascended the throne was El Glaoui's choice. And the bitter opposition to ben Moulay Arafa's removal was also El Glaoui's.

Instead of improving the situation, as some Frenchmen might have hoped, the deposition of ben Yussef merely led to exacerbation of the religious and political strife in Morocco. More than a year of bloodshed and terrorism had passed before the French Government, under M. Mendès-France, decided on a new policy for Morocco. Obviously the country was not ripe for anything as far-reaching as Home Rule. On the other hand, it was apparent that the presence of ben Moulay Arafa on the throne automatically precluded a compromise between Nationalists and settlers, or between El Glaoui's henchmen and the devoted followers of ben Yussef, who claimed to see the exiled Sultan's face in the full moon.

When M. Faure became Prime Minister he and his Minister for North African Affairs, M. July, saw that a compromise would be the removal of ben Moulay Arafa without replacing him with ben Yussef. But they met strong opposition, not least from the Government itself. General Koenig, the Defence Minister, who is said to consult his personal staff officer, General Lecomte, before taking any decision, was the most distinguished opponent. General Lecomte shares with General Juin, his chief in Morocco, a dislike of ben Yussef. (It was not until last week that M. Faure dismissed General Koenig and three associates from the Government.) The settlers in Morocco took heart, and encouraged El Glaoui's intrigues. It was at this stage, when the political situation was getting out of hand, that the strong-arm Resident-General, M. Grandval, came to Morocco. He was assaulted by the French in Casablanca, vilified by the *colons* of tribesmen. The massacres of August 20 meant the end of his brief rule. But they also made the arrival at a compromise imperative.

THE TRIBAL LEADERS ON WHOM THE RESIDENT-GENERAL DEPENDS : General Boyer de Latour meeting local caids during a visit to the Holy city of Meknes. Some of the caids are wearing French decorations. One of the French administration's problems in Morocco is to rally tribal chieftains to the support of its policies.

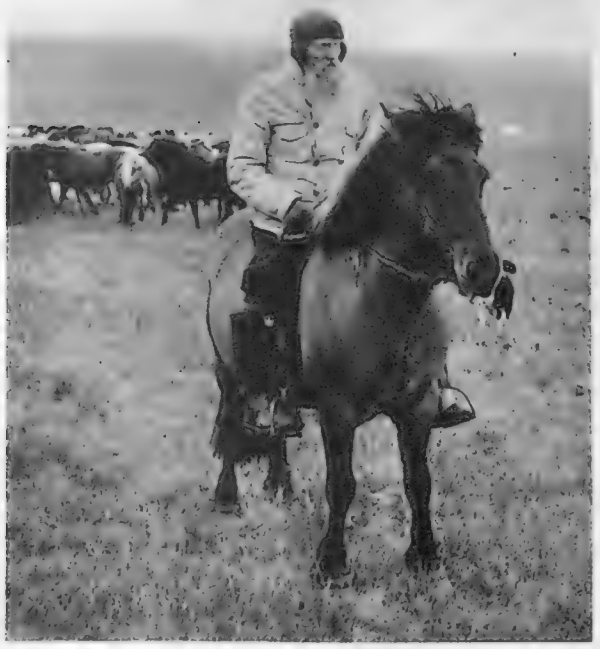
Despite the opposition at home and in North Africa, M. Faure took a stand and decided that ben Moulay Arafa must go, preferably voluntarily. Ben Yussef was allowed to return to France, although he was told he could not return to his throne. On October 1, General de Latour made the final arrangements for ben Moulay Arafa to fly to Tangier Even then the French Government was cheated at the last moment. Instead of the Sultan's place being filled by a temporary council of three, as had been agreed in Paris, his place was taken by a cousin who is reported to be even less acceptable to Nationalist elements than ben Moulay Arafa himself. Did General de Latour lose his grip, and was he tricked ? Or has he joined in an unholy trinity with Generals Juin and Lecomte ? That was the first problem.

The second problem was even graver : what would the reactions of El Glaoui be ? It seemed unlikely that he would calmly submit to a course of action which he had bitterly opposed for months. Besides, there was too much at stake. El Glaoui is a business man, whose interests in Morocco are vast. He is opposed by other great financial interests in France who are supporting the Nationalist movement.

Immediately after the Sultan's flight to Tangier tribesmen from the Atlas mountains swept down on Europeans in isolated villages. First reports told of massacres and heavy fighting. It may not be long before it is made clear whether the removal of the Sultan this month will open the way to a compromise, or whether it is going to touch off a war.

THE GREAT STAMPEDE—ICELAND'S PONIES ARE ROUNDED UP IN THE VALLEYS OF THE ISLAND'S INTERIOR : Once a year the livestock farmers catch the wild Iceland ponies that are needed for transport, export, or slaughter. But in the years since the war the size of the stock of this fine breed of horse has been reduced by nearly a third.

YOUNG AND OLD AT WORK : A boy establishes the age of a pony during the sorting out of animals. *Below*—An old Icelandic farmer supervises the rounding-up operations.



THE DWINDLING STOCK OF ICELAND'S PONIES

The Numbers of this Magnificent Breed are Shrinking as Modernisation in Iceland Threatens to Reduce the Demand for it

Iceland looks to the future. Already the rulers over this island of more than 150,000 inhabitants are not content with relying on the traditional trade of the people as the sole source of wealth. By harnessing the natural resources of the country—the great geysers which provide geothermal power—industry can become established on a scale undreamed of even thirty years ago. And with industry comes wealth and the amenities it can provide : roads, railways, motor-cars.

This different life of the future is heralded by a startling reduction in the number of ponies on the island. In 1946 there were 55,000 on those few pastures which can provide nourishment for livestock in summer and winter. Last year the number of horses had gone down to 38,000. Thus in the course of eight post-war years the stock of ponies had dwindled by nearly a third. In the same time the number of cattle and sheep has increased, so that the decrease in the number of ponies cannot be blamed on a lack of interest in livestock as a whole, or on singularly bad weather.

What an industry the Iceland pony was, once upon a time ! Half-wild, the horses were introduced to the island when the first settlers came to Iceland in 874. Through the centuries careful breeding and natural selection have preserved the strain to this day. The Iceland pony is remarkable for his extraordinary toughness, and his ability to recover from exertion after only a very brief respite. The ponies do not need stabling ; on the contrary, they prefer open sheds, from which they can issue forth to graze at will. And that is another great advantage of the breed : the thousands of Iceland horses all find their own food, even in the grim winter.

Apart from all these qualities, the Iceland pony is, above all else, a magnificent worker. The willingness of the animals, amounting often to self-sacrifice, knows no bounds. It is partly for this reason that the Icelander regards the pony with great respect. At the same time a bond of affection exists between man and beast more deep-rooted even than in England and Ireland. For traditionally most children have known ponies in their family ever since they can remember. They go to school on them, and the animals become pets.

The ponies, in their semi-wild stage, live in the rough, uninhabited interior of the island. Once a year the great livestock farmers organise a round-up, when the horses are gathered together for sorting or marking. This is, in itself, a considerable operation. The farmers and their men are on the job in the inhospitable interior for many days. They spend the nights in rough stone huts which have served this very purpose for centuries.

From all directions herds of animals are gathered together and brought to a central collecting point. Here they are coaxed into pens with skill and patience. They are then sorted out : the young animals are marked, others are chosen for farm work, carting, riding, or the slaughterhouse, according to suitability and demand.

In all some 3,000 horses are selected for various tasks each year, and up to 7,000 foals are taken away for slaughter. The remainder of the animals are allowed to return to liberty.

A number of the ponies are exported, and their qualities are appreciated in countries which breed a less hardy strain of animal. But the overwhelming proportion of Iceland ponies is used at home. The farmer, of course, relies greatly on the animal, but already an increasing amount of agricultural machinery is beginning to take its place. There are few roads, and still no railways, in Iceland, so that transport across the vast tracts which may be opened up by the new industries is at present confined to the pony and the aircraft.

For the time being, therefore, more ponies are in demand in Iceland itself while the means of communication have not yet caught up with the expansion of industry. This in part explains the reduction in the number of ponies. But eventually the horse will become as unnecessary in Iceland as elsewhere in Europe, provided the promise of industrial expansion is fulfilled. When that does happen, a fine breed of animals will become threatened, and will have to wage an entirely new battle for its survival.

THE ICELAND PONY IS A MAGNIFICENT BEAST OF BURDEN : He can carry great weights, and yet his remarkable hardiness enables him to recover very quickly from his exertions.

FOR THE FARMERS THE GREAT ROUND-UP IS AN ARDUOUS BUSINESS : Here a group of them, engaged in the annual round-up of Iceland ponies, is seen sitting around a fire in front of their simply-constructed hut. The round-up takes several days, during which the farmers have to fend for themselves in the inhospitable interior of the country.

NO BRIDGES, NO ROADS : A ford is crossed in the trackless plains of Iceland's interior. *Below*—Schoolchildren use their ponies daily to go to their modern school at Reykhölt.

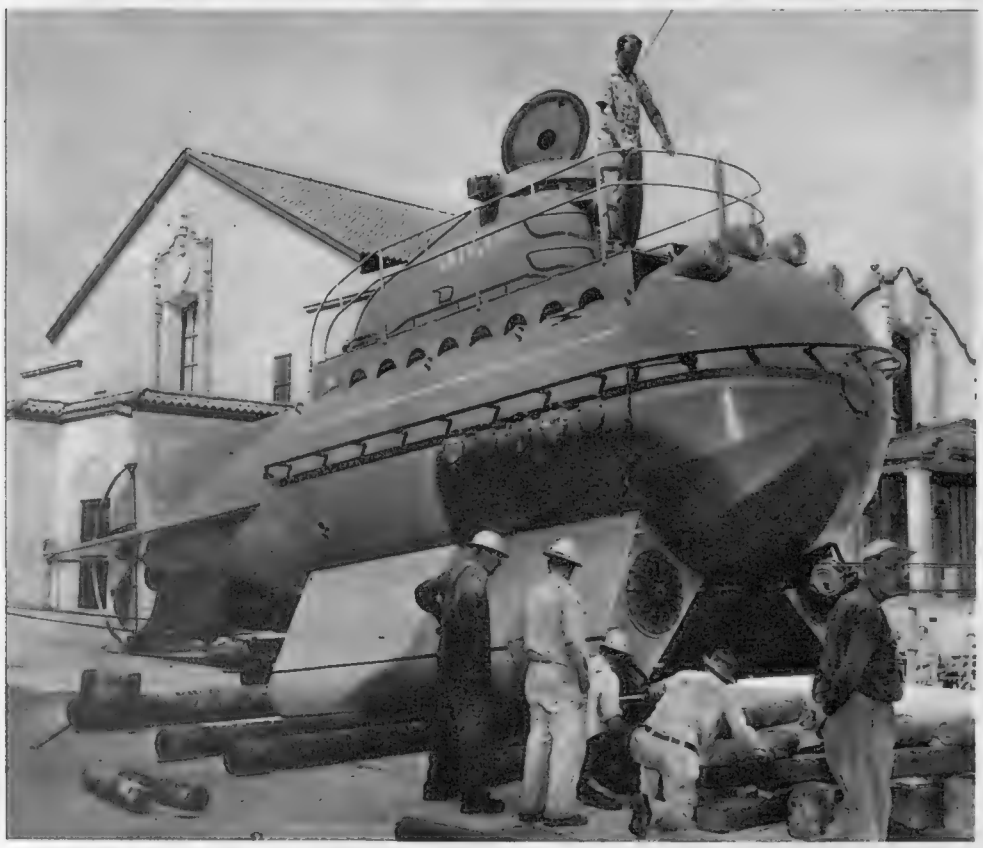
FARMERS STILL FIND THE HORSE INDISPENSABLE : Only a small part of the soil of Iceland is suitable for agriculture, but with the increasing prosperity that is coming to the island, farmers tend more and more to rely on modern machinery. Nevertheless, the pony is still an indispensable form of transport in the island until more roads are built.

WHERE THE HORSE STILL HAS FEW COMPETITORS : A fine group of Iceland ponies stands on a hillside overlooking the rough, glacier-like countryside typical of Iceland's interior. Here there are no roads, and there is still no railway on the island. But plans to utilise geothermal energy, which can be developed from the island's hot springs, may result in the establishment of considerable industries, even in Iceland's barren interior. The amenities which they will bring in their wake are likely to lessen the demand for the pony.

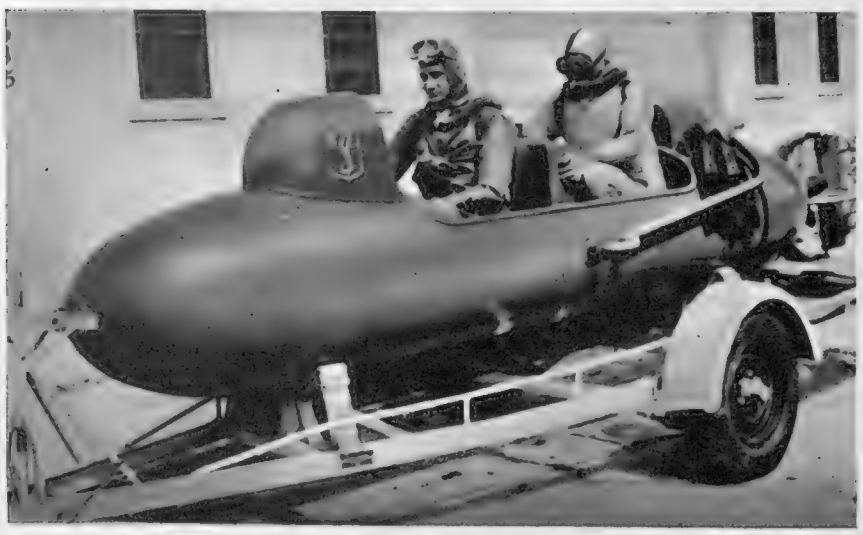
UNDER THE OCEANS

PICTURES OF THREE TYPES OF SMALL UNDERWATER CRAFT WHICH HAVE MADE NEWS RECENTLY

AN UNDERWATER RECORD-HOLDER GOES ON SHOW IN PARIS: The bathyscaphe, FRNS-3, in which two French naval officers made a world record descent into the sea of over 13,000 ft. last year, is hoisted into position at the International Nautical Exhibition which opened in Paris last week. This picture shows the observation chamber, which is suspended below the main body of the vessel. *On left*—The bathyscaphe is brought up the Seine by barge for the exhibition. The record descent was made off Dakar by Lieut.-Commander Houot and Engineer Officer Willm in the FRNS-3, which was designed by Professor Piccard.



AN AMERICAN INVENTOR PLANS TO EXPLORE THE DEPTHS: Mr. Edmund Martine (on right) and a colleague stand on the deck of a deep-water submarine after its launching at Los Angeles. *On left*—The submarine is moved towards the harbour for launching. Martine built the vessel at his own expense and in it hopes to explore the ocean depths. It is claimed that the submarine is built to withstand pressures which will be experienced at depths of over 5½ miles. This is over twice the depth ever before reached by man and seems a little optimistic. Mr. Martine has said that one of his objects is to observe and photograph marine life at great depths. Dredging operations have led scientists to believe that there is no life in the oceans below a depth of 3½ miles.



A SUBMARINE MADE FOR TWO IN AMERICA: *On left*—Richard Anderson and Gustave Dalla Valle in the cockpit of their two-man submarine in which they are to attempt a 21-mile underwater crossing from the mainland to Catalina Island, Santa Monica, California. *On right*—The two submariners about to try a trial dive in their small craft. Only 16 ft. in length, the submarine has an engine in a watertight compartment and its top speed is 6 knots. Four gallons of fuel give it a range of 37 miles. Aircraft-type controls are fitted, so that underwater the submarine can dive, climb and bank in the same manner as an aircraft.

A NEW BOW FOR A DUTCH FREIGHTER : The 75-ton stem is fixed to the 10,000-ton *Tabian* in an Amsterdam shipyard during an extensive overhaul. The *Tabian* was damaged in the Persian Gulf earlier this year during a collision with the Italian oil tanker *Argea Prima*. Fire broke out in both ships and the flames were fought by the crews of H.M.S. *Loch Killisport* and the U.S.S. *Valcour*. The *Tabian* was then towed into Bahrein.

SHIPS ON SEA AND LAND

Fixing a New Bow to the "Tabian"; H.M.S. "Blackwood" Takes the Water; an Unusual Yacht; and a Lancashire Sand-Yacht Race

On left—

ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE LAUNCHED : H.M.S. *Blackwood* is seen immediately after her launching from the shipyard of Messrs. J. I. Thornycroft and Co. Ltd., at Woolston, Southampton. She has an extreme length of 310 ft., a beam of 33 ft., and is powered by geared steam turbines of advanced design, made by the builders. *Blackwood* will be armed with three Bofors guns and two three-barrelled anti-submarine mortars. These are of the same design as those fitted in H.M.S. *Rocket*. Each mortar can fire a pattern of large projectiles with great accuracy to explode at a predetermined depth. These weapons can be trained over a wider arc than previous types of anti-submarine mortars.

A FLYING SAIL-BOAT TRAVELS AT SPEED : This unusual yacht, seen in this picture travelling at some 30 m.p.h. on Lake Mendota, Wisconsin, is claimed by its makers, the Baker Manufacturing Company of Evansville, Wisconsin, to be the world's fastest sail-boat. The hull is mounted on metal hydrofoils which, once the yacht is travelling at speed, give sufficient lift to take the hull clear of the water.

A CHAMPION SAND-YACHT : *Coronation Year Mark II* **(on right) is on the sands at Lytham St. Annes, in Lancashire. This sand-yacht was the winner of the Lytham St. Annes Corporation's sand-yacht speed trials. She was built by Mr. R. M. Denning, of London.** *On left*—**The crew of the** *Coronation Year Mark II* **are, from left, R. Harding, M. Halliwell, R. M. Denning, and J. Glassbrook. Their yacht is reported to have reached a speed of 62 m.p.h. while winning her award. The Fylde International Sand-Yacht Club, the only club of its kind in the world, operates at Lytham St. Annes.**

SPIDER TIME IS HERE AGAIN

It is Only Now in the Autumn, in October, that One Really Becomes Aware of the Spider's Web and of the Vast Numbers of the Spider Population

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

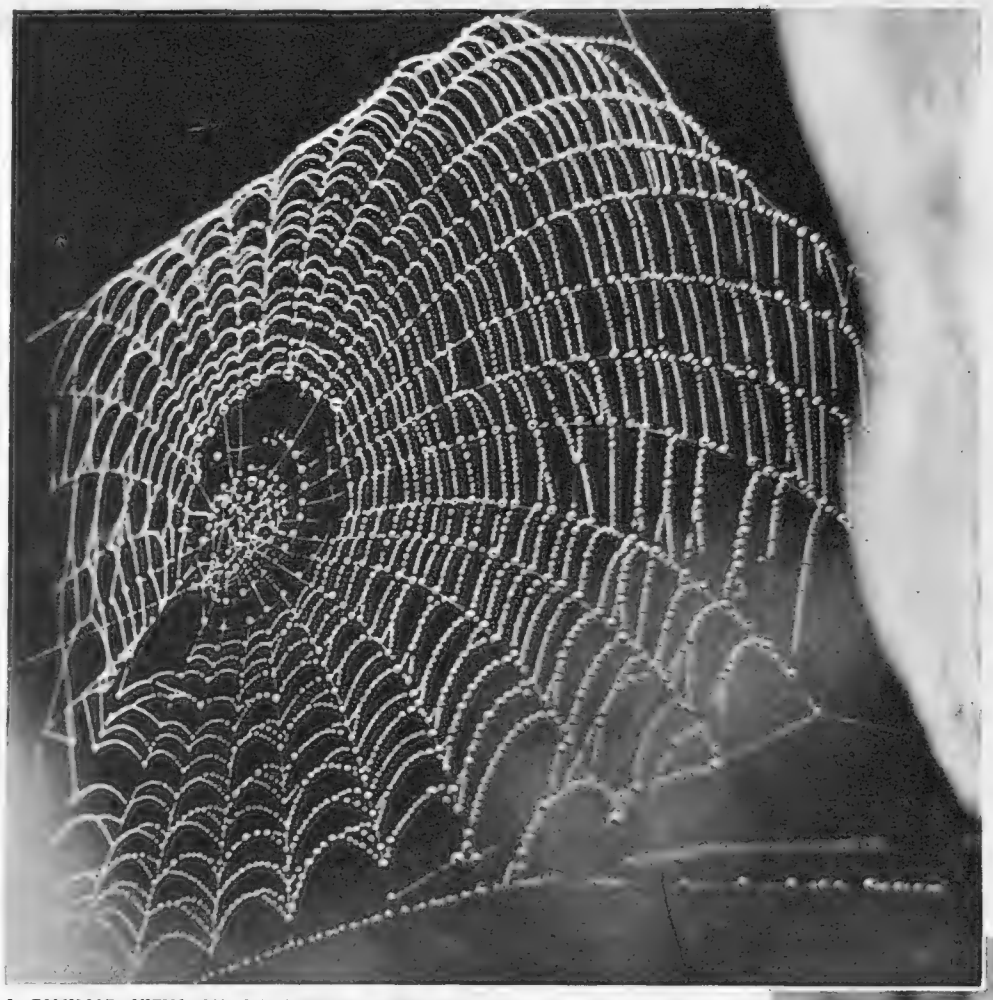
YOU either like spiders or you do not. I do. But there can be no doubt that the vast majority of people regard them, in Henri Fabre's words, as "odious, noxious" animals. (Nine out of ten, incidentally, persist in calling them insects. They are not. Insects have their bodies divided into three parts and have six legs: spiders have their bodies divided into two parts and have eight legs. Insects have compound eyes: spiders have six or eight simple eyes. And there is no larval stage in the life-history of the spider as there is in the insect.)

The vast majority of people are convinced—the notion is implanted at an early age by over-zealous nurses or over-anxious mammas—that all spiders are deceitful and treacherous, and that many are deadly poisonous. They are poisonous: that is to say, all spiders are equipped with poison fangs. But the idea that there are, in this country, spiders which will attack man is about as far from truth as could be. There are one or two that will attempt to bite if teased or frightened—the big black ones that have a fondness for the neighbourhood of kitchen sinks will sometimes do so, if teased sufficiently—but I do not believe that there is a British spider capable of piercing the skin of an adult human being. The deadly poison idea, I suppose, springs from the stories, so popular in our preparatory schools, of the tarantula—a much maligned creature.

Deceit and treachery are obviously connected with the web.

> "Will you walk into my parlour?"
> said a spider to a fly;
> "It's the prettiest little parlour
> that ever you did spy."

Another word for web is "snare." There is something deceitful about setting a snare. We humans do not like it. We do it, of course, frequently throughout our lives; but we do it with half our minds shut. We do not like to think that we are capable of anything so deceitful. Yet, when there were wild rabbits in Britain almost all those we ate were trapped. And what is the half-orange skin left so casually on the flower-bed (by kind-hearted old ladies as well as professional gardeners) but a snare for the unwary slug. Nor would it be difficult to find examples of the snare in ordinary business life, though we should find some longer and less easily understood word to describe the ancient practice. The spider's web is certainly a snare. But there is nothing deceitful about it. It is there and it can be seen, and the creatures it ensnares are well aware of its existence. It is merely one of the ways by which the spider earns its living.



A FAMILIAR VIEW ON AN AUTUMN MORNING: These two pictures show dew glistening on spiders' webs in the early morning sun. All spiders have the power of secreting silk, though by no means all spin webs.

The web may be a relativcly recent development. Dr. W. S. Bristowe has an interesting theory (which, myself, I believe to be correct) that spiders have contributed greatly to the powers of flight possessed by many insects. All the primitive spiders were hunters running on the ground (as many do to this day), and it was, according to Dr. Bristowe, the menace of the hunting spider that prompted wings as the best and quickest means of escape. In its turn, flight prompted the development of the web to trap the flying insect.

And now there are many sorts of web. John Henry Comstock has classified them thus (it is naturally a broad and imperfect classification, but it serves admirably to indicate general principles): orb-webs, sheet-webs, funnel-webs, irregular nets, triangular webs, irregular nets with hackled bands, and two combinations—orb-web and irregular net, and sheet-web and irregular net. The one we know best is, of course, the orb-web, the beautiful circular snare which is made by, among others, the common garden spider.

How is it made? You have, no doubt, watched a garden spider at work on its orb-web, and, no doubt, you have a rough idea how it is done. But could you put down a complete description from the first movement to the last? I have watched many spiders at work. I have watched the whole construction, from the first movement to the last (or from pretty well the first movement), many times, but I could not put down on paper a full description of the whole process, for the very simple reason that I do not know how it is done. Furthermore, I have read many descriptions by authorities on the spiders, but I have yet to read one that seems to me to tell the whole story. No doubt there are various methods designed to meet various situations, but even when these are accounted for there is something missing, something you cannot get down on paper—the genius of the spider. There is not the same difficulty in regard to sheet-webs, which are altogether more primitive, but equally efficient, structures.

But why worry about difficulty at all? Sufficient to marvel not only at their beauty, but also at their efficiency. Alexander Pope, in his *An Essay on Man* (and it is evident from his writings that Pope was a considerable and observant naturalist), shows that he had studied spiders:

> The spider's touch, how exquisitively fine!
> Feels at each thread and lives along the line.

And so the spider, having worked its work of art with silk of its own manufacture (and every spider can produce several sorts of silk), is made instantly aware of every possible meal. The snare is as delicately balanced as an expensive watch. Perhaps it is because of this delicacy of balance that so few spiders seem to repair their webs: it may well be easier to begin all over again.

It is now in the autumn, in October, that one really becomes aware of the spider's web and of the vast numbers of the spider population. Every hedgerow, every meadow, every lawn (almost one is tempted to say, every blade of grass), every fence, the ivy on the wall, the little-used window, the lamp-post in the streets, sometimes even the slits to pillar-boxes, everything seems to bear its spider's web. And yet this is so always, all through the summer. It is only the dew, clinging to the fine silk, that shows them up.

Walking in the countryside at this time of year, one is forced to wonder how many spiders there are, how many in each field, in each garden. For what we see are the web-weavers only, and there are many spiders that do not weave webs at all. The figures, one feels, must be astronomical. And so they are. Again I turn to Dr. Bristowe's *The Comity of Spiders*, a veritable treasure-store of spider-lore. He suggests that the spider population of England and Wales alone is about two-and-a-half billion. Figures like that mean nothing, even to a Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is, perhaps, more useful to say that the spider population of an acre of rough grassland in the South of England in late summer (when it is, of course, at its peak) will be about 2,000,000. Naturally, the numbers will vary with the type of field, but they are enormous anyway.

Obviously, spiders must be very important to man. Spiders are eaters of insects, and the insect world, as a whole, is man's greatest competitor in the struggle to live. Insects do our interests more harm than all the rest of the animal kingdom put together. Dr. Bristowe suggests that at a conservative estimate each spider eats 100 insects a year (I should have thought that that was a very conservative estimate indeed), and that, if this is so, then our spider population must consume two hundred and twenty billion insects annually: that is, 220,000,000,000,000 insects each year. One cannot grasp the import of figures like that, so Dr. Bristowe rubs it in by pointing out that spiders destroy many more insects each year than do the birds we so laud as insect destroyers, that the weight of the insects they eat each year in England and Wales easily exceeds the total weight of the whole human population of these countries. In other words, this deceitful, treacherous, poisonous creature is just about the best friend we have in the whole animal kingdom. There is truth in the old Wiltshire saying:

> If you wish to live and thrive,
> Let the spider run alive.

But it is not only the silk of the webs that we see in the autumn. One day, one fine, still morning, we shall awake to find the countryside covered with fine silken threads, with gossamer. The phenomenon has been known from the earliest times: it was known to the ancient Greeks, and it has been used by every poet of note since then. Even the name "gossamer" shows how observant the unlettered countryman was, for the word is merely "goose-summer," and gossamer occurs only at this time of the year, at the season dedicated to the Michaelmas goose.

All spiders have the power of secreting silk, although, it must be remembered, by no means all spin webs. It is on this silk that the baby spiders of many species leave to seek wider worlds.

> Small, viewless aeronaut, that
> by the line
> Of gossamer suspended, in mid air
> Float'st on a sun-beam—living
> atom, where
> Ends thy breeze-guided voyage?

So, Charlotte Smith in her *To the Insect of the Gossamer*. And it is true: suspended on its little bit of silk the baby spider floats away. There seems to be little doubt, too, that, up to a point, at any rate, the baby spider can control its flight by taking in or lengthening the silken thread.

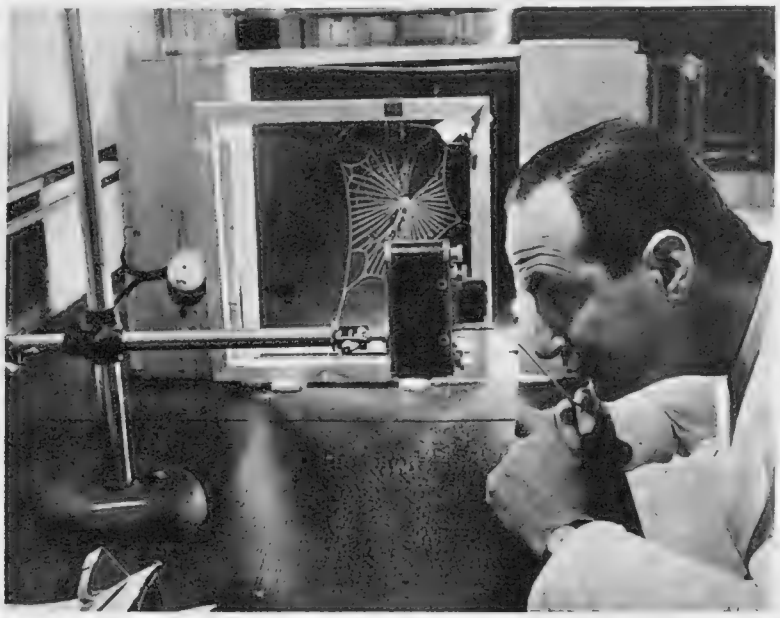
Some of the journeys, no doubt, are no more than a hop over the hedge or a flight to the next parish: but equally there can be no doubt that they are sometimes journeys of great distances, for these tiny aeronauts have been found many miles from land, for instance—by the great Charles Darwin, far out in the South Atlantic.

Each of the tiny threads that form a carpet over the lawn, glistening and beautiful in the morning dew, has borne a baby spider, and marks its landing. Looking at a gossamer-covered lawn, one cannot but feel that spiders deserve to succeed.

Spinning a Web for Medical Research

A Swiss Doctor Collects Information on the Effects of Drugs by Experimenting with them on a Spider

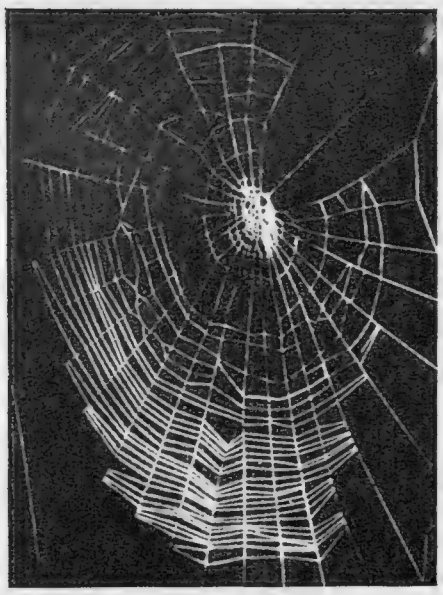
THE WEB ON A SQUARE OF WOOD: Dr. Peter Witt holding up the square on which a spider has spun its net at his laboratories in Berne. By administering drugs to zilla spiders and studying the form of the webs spun as a result, Dr. Witt hopes to draw conclusions which will aid the treatment of nervous ailments in human beings.

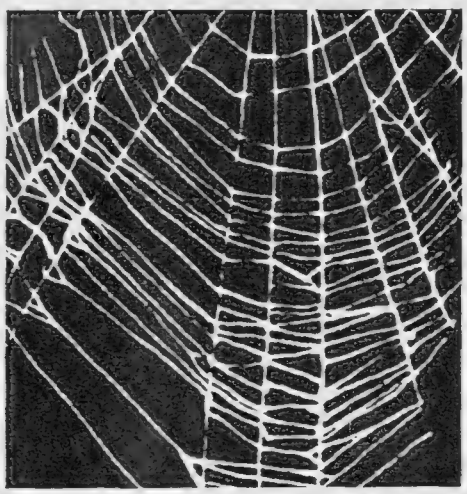


AFTER A NIGHT'S SPINNING—PHOTOGRAPHY: The web which has been spun overnight in the wooden frame is prepared for photographing. After a record of it has been made, the web is destroyed, and the spider is fed with a different drug before it spins another one.

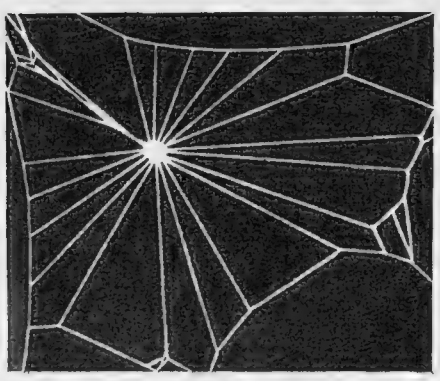
On right—

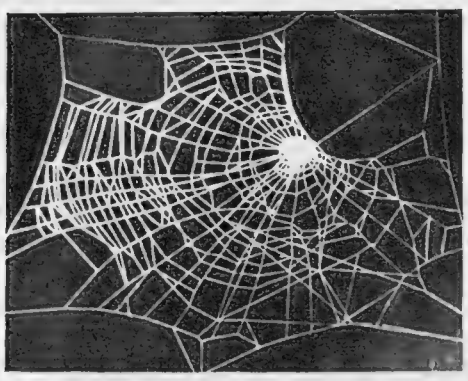
THE SPIDER IS DRUGGED: The spider, a zilla, has been lured from his hide-out. Now, with a syringe, Dr. Witt gives it a dose of a drug, mixed with sugar. The spider, whose partiality to sugar is well known, drinks greedily and retires to its corner, where the drug begins to take effect. At night it spins its web. It has been established that the variations in the pattern of the web vary uniformly with the drug which is taken.





UNDER THE INFLUENCE: The web spun when under the influence of pervitine. *On left*—When the spider had an extract of peyotl, which produces visual hallucinations.





VERONAL AND LAUGHING GAS: *On left*—A dose of veronal seems to have made the spider lazy: it was content with only the outline of its normal web, a centre, and the ribs. *On right*—The curious effect of laughing gas on the formation of the web.

MEASURING THE RESULTS OF THE EXPERIMENT: Projector and measuring instruments are employed on the photograph of the web in order later to compare the nets spun under the influence of different drugs.

By administering drugs to spiders, and studying the webs they spin while under their influence, Dr. Peter Witt, of Berne, hopes to find out what healing effect certain drugs have on man. The experiments were begun quite by chance. Scientists who were making a study of spiders asked Dr. Witt for a stimulant to make them produce more webs. Dr. Witt was doubtful if he could guarantee the required results, but he did prescribe a drug. Web production did not increase, but it was found that the spiders were spinning webs of an irregular pattern, always identical when the drug was the same.

This remarkable discovery led Dr. Witt to proceed further with his investigations. He worked on the zilla group of spiders, which has the merit of producing well-shaped webs regularly each day: the more hungry the spiders are, the bigger the net. Unlike the garden spider, which remains doggedly in the centre of its web waiting for food to be served up to it, the zilla retires to a corner and relies on a warning line to herald the approach of a likely meal. This enterprise proved to be the undoing of Dr. Witt's zillas. For a musical note has the same effect as a tug on the warning line, and when the doctor produces the sound the spider leaves its corner to "answer the door." In its absence the doctor places a bag in the hiding-place. When the spider returns ruefully, without finding a meal, it is trapped in the bag.

Once in captivity, the zilla is subjected to varying doses of different drugs. Under their influence, it weaves fantastic patterns on the square of wood: they are photographed, measured, and compared. Next, Dr. Witt seeks to deduce the reason for the pattern. Only then, when these spidery facts have been collated and thoroughly checked, can the doctor attempt to apply those lessons to the human being.

GORKY STREET IN MOSCOW: This wide boulevard is one of a number of fine streets in the centre of the Russian capital. There is ample room for six lanes of traffic each way. In addition there is a broad strip down the centre which is reserved for the use of ambulances. Pedestrians are permitted to cross the street only at marked crossings.

WITH A CAMERA IN MOSCOW

Recent Pictures of Life in the Capital of the Soviet Union

Written and Photographed by J. ALLAN CASH

ENGLISH people get a great welcome in Moscow these days, even photographers. I was stopped many times on a recent trip and asked where I came from. When I said "Anglia," I was clapped on the back and assured in unmistakable tones of the friendly feelings of the Soviet people towards Britain. Often enough they asked me to photograph them.

This was a return visit for me, for I had been to Moscow in 1936, also as a professional photographer. Then I was stopped a number of times from taking photographs, and once the film was taken from my camera, politely but firmly. This time I had no trouble whatever. I took pictures where I wished, and the only attention I created was curiosity, interest and sometimes amusement, as when I climbed up to some crazy position to get an unusual angle. Militiamen (the polite word for policemen) looked on with curiosity, but allowed me to photograph even them. Sometimes the Russian people themselves, photographing each other against the Kremlin or the fountains of the Agricultural Exhibition, would ask me to take a shot of them with their own cameras, so that they could all be in the picture.

The six pictures reproduced here are selected from the many I took in Moscow. One shows a new high building near completion. The word "skyscraper" is not used, because the Russians have no intention of competing in height when it comes to this type of structure. They declare that the sole purpose of erecting high buildings is to break up the Moscow skyline, which would otherwise be rather too level. Such buildings are costly, and they take a long time to erect, but it is nice to have variety. The tallest, and by far the largest, is the new university, out on the Lenin Hills, a few miles from the centre of the city. Its highest point has thirty-five storeys, and the whole scheme consists of a number of buildings of various heights. There are 21,000 students at the university, 6,000 of whom live in it. With lecture halls, laboratories, libraries, and other departments, there are so many rooms that, it is said, no one has yet had time to count them all!

In the streets one can mix freely with the Muscovites. On the pavements of the slight incline leading to St. Basil's Cathedral and Red Square one will find a typical crowd. The people are not stylishly or well-dressed, but clothes seem to be improving fast now, although there is some way to go before they equal those seen in some Western cities. Ice-cream and soft-drink kiosks do a thriving business during the hot

BREAKING THE MOSCOW SKYLINE: This high, white building is nearing completion and dwarfs the smaller old buildings around it. The town-planning authorities of Moscow say that they have no intention of creating a city of skyscrapers. But they maintain some high buildings make breaks in the skyline which would otherwise be monotonous.

SHOPPING AND STREET SCENES : *On left*—The vast arcade of GUM, Moscow's largest store, is always crowded. Here one can buy almost everything and it is easy to lose one's way. *On right*—This street approaches St. Basil's Cathedral (in the background) which overlooks Red Square. The ice-cream dealers and soft-drink kiosks in the left foreground do a thriving business in hot weather. The ice-cream is of a high quality and the kiosks are organised most hygienically. Running water is laid on from taps in the walls behind.

MEANS OF TRANSPORT IN THE SOVIET CAPITAL : *Left*—Water-buses are a popular method of travel in Moscow. The buses run for several miles along the Moscow River, which is part of an inland waterway system connecting five seas. *Right*—The two cars coming down the street are the popular medium-sized Pobedas, of about 16 h.p. The first three cars, from the right, in the car park are also of this Russian make. Beyond them are two of the large Zims, used by officials. Russia makes two other types of car—Zis and Moskvitch.

weather. The ice-cream is of a high quality, and the kiosks are run most hygienically, with running water laid on from taps at the back of the pavement. The scene is dominated by the famous St. Basil's Cathedral —now a museum—which is at present covered with scaffolding for major restoration.

Or one can go to Gorky Street, the fine boulevard near the centre of Moscow. This is one of the main streets and was widened in the early stages of the replanning of Moscow, long before the war. By English standards it is an unusually wide thoroughfare. There is ample room for parking at the sides, six lanes of traffic each way, and a broad strip in the centre, marked off with white lines, reserved for ambulances. Buildings that were in the way of this widening scheme were either demolished or moved back on rollers. The Moscow Soviet, Moscow's Town Hall, was moved back in this way. It took forty-one minutes, and everyone in the building remained at work while it was done ! At least, this is the story I was told. Pedestrians caught half-way across such a street when the lights change to green—they are only allowed to go over on properly marked pedestrian crossings—can either go on, making the traffic wait for them, or stand still and let vehicles go past on either side of them. In both cases they are quite safe, because the one thing a driver in Moscow must never do is to run down a pedestrian, no matter how careless the latter may be. This system may sound rather alarming, but it works.

Moscow has no lack of traffic. There are really only four makes of car in Russia to-day. The large ZIS and the slightly smaller ZIM are official cars, used by Ministries and V.I.P.s. The popular medium-sized car is the Pobeda (about 16 h.p.). The Moskvitch, a 10-h.p. car, is also made, with a station-wagon body. Both the Moskvitch and Pobeda are available for the public to buy and are being produced in ever-increasing numbers.

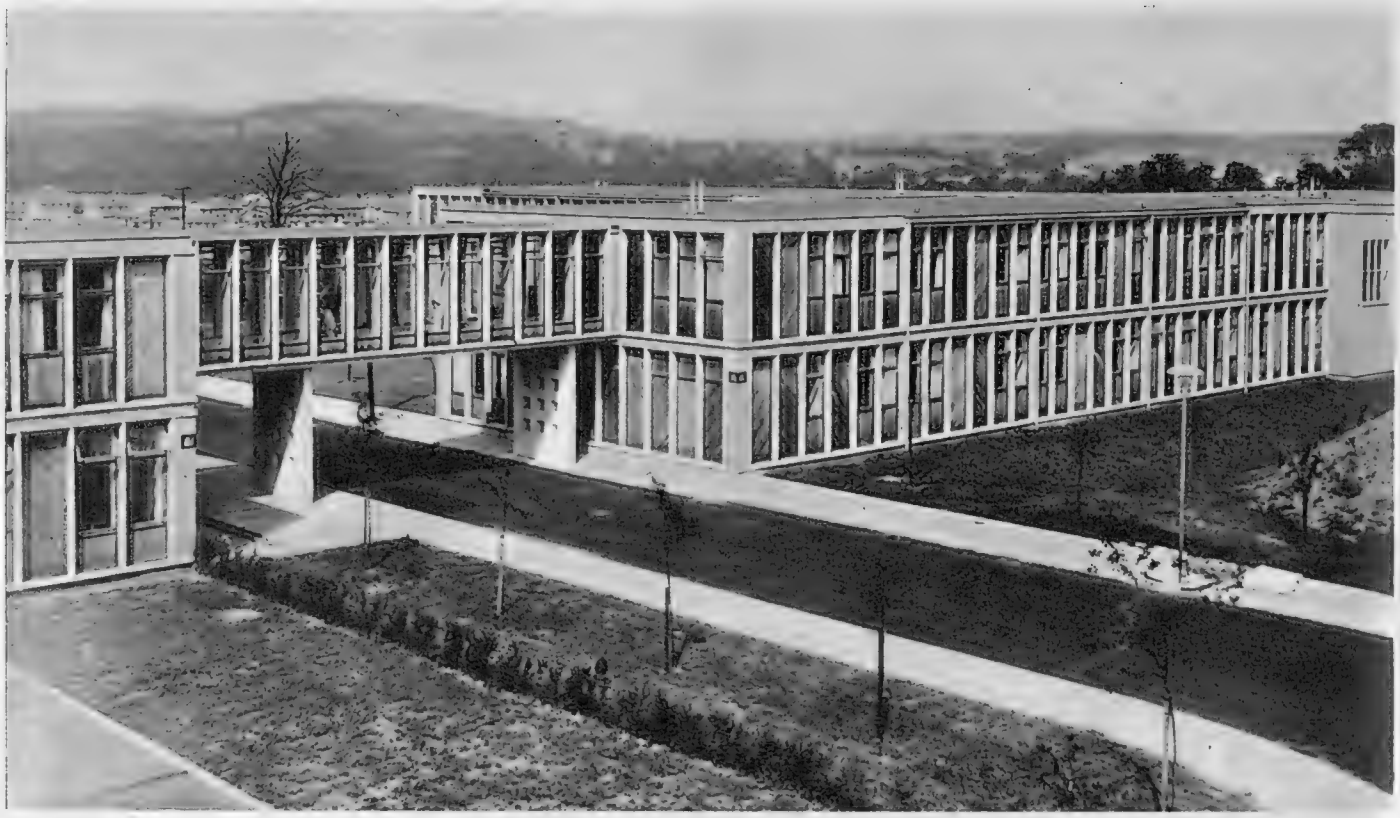
The Moscow River is also a busy thoroughfare. Water-buses continually ply up and down for some miles, and are very popular. The Moscow River has been widened and deepened—a work which I saw in progress in 1936—so that now it is a deep waterway, connected by means of canals and other rivers to five seas—the Baltic, the White Sea, the Caspian (via the Volga), the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov (via the Don). Large vessels leave Moscow Port regularly for Rostov, Astrakhan, and many other places on voyages which take as much as ten days.

One of the most fascinating aspects of life in Moscow is its shops, of which the largest is the vast store named "GUM." This consists of three enormous arcades, parallel to each other. The building goes back to Tsarist days, when it accommodated hundreds of individual shops. Now it is one huge State-run store, the various shops being the many different departments. You can buy almost everything in GUM, if you can find it. The main problem for a stranger is not to get lost. Vast crowds swarm all over GUM every day. When a purchase is made, it is paid for by means of a ticket given at the counter, and, of course, the necessary roubles, at special cash desks.

Owing to the vast difference between the Communist and the Western economies, it is extremely difficult to give any comparative idea of prices. For purposes of foreign exchange the rouble stands at about two shillings. Of course, this is an arbitrary rate which bears little relation to internal economy. Some experts assess the rouble at sixpence when considering prices in Moscow shops. However, others regard this as too low. Prices have come down in recent years, while wages have been going up, and I had the impression that there was plenty of money about in Moscow.

BRITAIN'S NEWEST HOSPITAL

THE ALEXANDRIA HOSPITAL IN SCOTLAND IS NEARING COMPLETION



On right—
THE ALEXANDRIA GENERAL HOSPITAL IN DUNBARTONSHIRE: This is the first hospital to be built in Britain since the war and incorporates many entirely new features. It is built in a beautiful setting close to Loch Lomond.

The new Alexandria Hospital in Dunbartonshire, which is now nearing completion, is the first General Hospital to be built in Great Britain since the war, and, as such, it embodies many features which have never been seen in hospitals in this country before. The designers have incorporated some of the best characteristics of recent American and European hospitals and have taken into account the valuable research of the Nuffield Trust on hospital design. The first thoughts were for structural flexibility. Most hospitals are continually growing and previous designers gave little scope for this. The result has often been a series of prefabricated outbuildings connected by draughty corridors. The Alexandria Hospital is designed to allow for growth in all directions, and many of the rooms can easily be modified to serve several different purposes. To ensure that all buildings were sheltered by the surrounding hills from rain and wind, it was decided to build a low rather than a multi-storey hospital. But a third storey can be built upon the existing two if necessary without loss of protection.

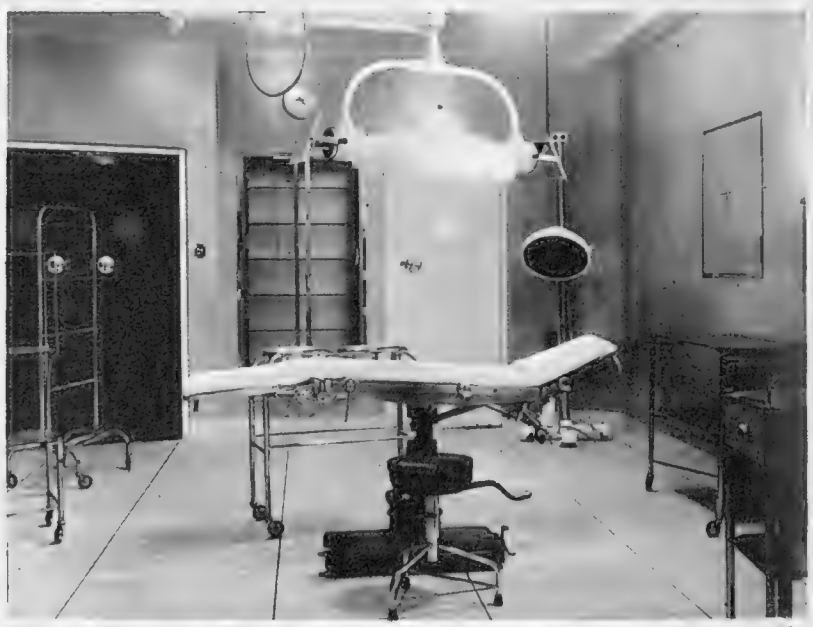
The backbone of the hospital is the ground-floor main corridor, which is for general communication between all departments. The corridor on the first floor is to be for food service only. Insulated trolleys will carry food direct to the patients in the wards. The wards themselves make a pleasant change from the rather severe clinical rooms which most architects give to hospitals. Gaily-coloured curtains are hung at the windows and more curtains divide the bed-spaces.

There are six main wards in the hospital, each containing twenty-six beds. Each ward is subdivided into two groups of thirteen beds, comprising one eight-bed ward, one four-bed ward and one single ward. Each of the thirteen-bed groups is under the immediate observation of a nurse seated at a raised desk. Two operating theatres are provided. They are fully air-conditioned and each can take two tables in an emergency. The staff are as well looked after as the patients. In the residential quarters there are private suites for the matron, assistant matron and resident doctors, and there are seventy-two single rooms for the nursing and domestic staff. Every room in the hospital contains furniture of a contemporary design, far removed from the uncomfortable and institutional chairs and tables of an earlier date.

Situated only a few miles from the famous and beautiful Loch Lomond, the Alexandria Hospital has a setting which few others can equal. The waters of the Loch and the lofty peak of Ben Lomond can be seen from the forecourt. In both its exterior and interior aspects, the hospital reveals a refreshing approach to the needs and comforts of both patients and staff.

COLOUR AND LIGHT ARE THE KEYNOTE FOR THE WARDS: This picture shows a section of one of the six main wards. Gaily-coloured curtains hang at the windows and each bed-space is equipped with a radio plug and press-button call for the nurse. By subdividing each main ward the "dormitory" aspect is entirely absent.

THE VISITORS' WAITING-ROOM: Bright, coloured modern chairs and modern design help banish the forbidding aspect found in so many hospitals designed in the years before the war. The new hospital is to serve the counties of Dunbartonshire and Argyllshire.



ONE OF THE TWO OPERATING THEATRES: These are the most up-to-date in this country and can each accommodate two tables if necessary. The hospital will normally have 156 beds, but in emergencies could take 280.

News from Scotland

Shortage of Water after the Summer ; A Bird Sanctuary ; And Retriever Trials in E. Lothian

DROUGHT IN THE HIGHLANDS : *Left*—A new well is being dug on a farm at Findon, in the Black Isle peninsula of Ross and Cromarty, in Scotland. The well will be sunk to 30 ft. in depth because of the drought which affected this area last month. *Right*—Women and children help in bringing up the water supplies at Artafallie. They have filled their buckets at a roadside tank established by the County Council for the maintenance of domestic water supplies. Even the child carries her quota in her sand buckets. Because of the fine summer, the shortage of water has been severe in the Black Isle. Town-dwellers have been asked to use their supplies sparingly. But they have not suffered the acute drought which has brought distress to farms and villages throughout the countryside.

A PROTECTED BIRD : An Arctic skua sits on its nest in the Shetland Islands at Herma Ness, which has been acquired by the Nature Conservancy.

On right—

A BIRD SANCTUARY IN THE SHETLANDS : The steep cliffs of Herma Ness are crowded with many different species of birds. Under the Nature Conservancy they are assured of security.

DOG TRIALS IN THE LAMMERMUIR HILLS : Mr. J. Gassman, of Oxford, shoots in the water trial with his dog Zita Sand during the autumn trials of the German Shorthead Pointer Retriever Club at East Linton, in East Lothian. Mr. Christie, one of the judges, looks on. *On left*—Owners and dogs are assembled for the start of the trials. The President of the club, Mr. G. C. Sterne, welcomed the members and others. Although the weather was not good, there was a large attendance at East Linton and competition among the many entrants was extremely keen.

MERCHANT SEAMEN REMEMBERED

The Memorial to 24,000 Men in the City of London Nears Completion

The Merchant Navy Memorial, which honours 24,000 men who fell in the Second World War and who have "no grave but the sea," is an extension to the existing 1914-18 memorial in Trinity Gardens on Tower Hill. It is being constructed by the Imperial War Graves Commission to the design of Sir Edward Maufe, R.A., and is in the form of a sunken garden. On the walls of the garden are set bronze panels, bearing the names of the 24,000 men whom it commemorates, and they are shown alphabetically under the names of the ships in which the men last served. Between the rows of panels are allegorical figures representing the Seven Seas, and set in the grass in the centre of the garden is a silver and bronze mariners' compass. The main inscription is set in the wall above the garden. Flanking this wall are two stone pillars which bear badges of the Merchant Navy, carved in relief, and against which stand two figures of sailors sculptured by Charles Wheeler, R.A. At the unveiling ceremony the memorial will be dedicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Relatives of the fallen will be present at the service.

WORK GOES AHEAD ON THE MERCHANT NAVY WAR MEMORIAL ON TOWER HILL : It consists of a sunken garden surrounded by walls on which are fixed bronze panels inscribed with the names of 24,000 men of the Merchant Navy and fishing fleets who "gave their lives for their country and have no grave but the sea." At the entrance to the garden are two statues which are temporarily hidden from view. The memorial is to be unveiled by the Queen on Saturday, November 5, and not on the 15th of the month as previously reported. A Dedication service will follow the unveiling. In the left background of this picture is part of Trinity House.

THE MEMORIAL'S TWO FIGURES WHICH HAVE BEEN CARVED BY CHARLES WHEELER : *On left*—A general view of the statue which depicts a merchant naval officer, and *on right*, a close-up of the other statue of a seaman. Mr. Wheeler has also been responsible for the sculpture in the memorial garden.

FIXING THE BRONZE PANELS : *Above* and *on left*—They are being placed on the walls of the garden's eight bays. There are 133 panels, and the names of the men commemorated are listed under the ships in which the fallen last served. The theme of the sculpture in the garden is the Seven Seas.

The New Staple Inn

Among the Buildings in this Restored Inn in Holborn is the Home of the Institute of Actuaries

"AN ISLAND OF QUIET IN THE ROAR OF LONDON": This was the description given to Staple Inn, in Holborn, by the American, Nathaniel Hawthorne, a century ago. This picture of a part of the Inn, recently restored after serious wartime damage, shows that this reputation is maintained.

THE HALL AND GARDENS: The architectural section of the estate office of the Prudential Assurance designed the new Hall, which replaces the old Hall of 1581, bombed during the war.

THE ENTRANCE TO STAPLE INN: This is the quiet court which the visitor enters as he comes into the Inn from Holborn.

On left—

THE HOME OF THE INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES: The Hall of Staple Inn has now been restored to the Institute of Actuaries as its home. The Institute was housed here from 1887 to 1944, when the Hall was destroyed. Last month a ceremony was held to mark the return of the "Mother of Actuarial Science" to the headquarters from which it has made itself famous throughout the world. The whole of the Inn was reopened by Sir Hartley Shawcross in June of this year. It has historical associations dating to the early fourteenth century, when it was the centre of the wool merchants of the Staple. Then it became a residence for law students and part of the largest Inn in Chancery. In 1759 Dr. Johnson wrote *Rasselas* in one of its rooms. In his last novel, *Edwin Drood*, Dickens refers to it as a "nook in which the relieved pedestrian has the sensation of having put cotton-wool in his ears and velvet soles on his boots."

CARS OF MANY NATIONS ON SHOW IN GERMANY : A general view of the Frankfurt Motor Show which was held recently. In the foreground is the Cadillac Eldorado model which, costing in Germany the equivalent of £3,600, was the most expensive car in the Show. The exhibition was the biggest ever held in Germany, and thirty-eight firms took part. Only two new cars were shown : the expensive B.MGL sports car and the Maico Mobile, a small four-seater motor-scooter type made by B.M.W.-Isetta.

CARS FROM EUROPE AND AMERICA

Some Recent Designs which have Been Exhibited at Motor Shows on the Continent

A GERMAN CAR GROWS WIDER : This picture of two different models of the popular DKW car shows the latest model on the left compared with an earlier one. The manufacturers have given the newer car a wider wheelbase.

On left—

SHOWING HOW IT IS MADE : One of the highlights of the Paris Automobile Show which opened last week at the Grand Palais was this Fiat car which was mounted in three separate sections. In the centre is the engine; the bodywork has been split clean down the middle and the two halves mounted one on each side.

THE CAR WITH A FRONT DOOR: This, the latest addition to the German baby-car market, is the Dornier Delta, which can carry four people. The car cruises at 52 m.p.h.

BUILT BY A FAMOUS AIRCRAFT FIRM: Another view of the Dornier Delta, which embodies several unusual features. Both the front and the back ends lift up to act as doors and the two rear seats face backwards. The 200 cc. 1-cylinder two-stroke engine is placed in the centre of the vehicle below the floor. When this car is put into full production at the Dornier plant at Munich, it is expected that it will sell for about £250.

On left—

A SLEEK AND POWERFUL GERMAN SPORTS CAR: The influence of American design can be clearly seen in the lines of the BMW 507 sports car. The car seats two and has a top speed of 137 miles per hour.

Below—

AN AERO CAR IN BRITAIN: Mr. Clifford Robins, of Yeovil, Somerset, is seen at the wheel of his home-made car, which is driven by a propeller. The car is simple to control and has no gears or clutch. Three feet in diameter, the propeller is driven by a modified Ford V 8 engine and the car took just over one year to build. Mr. Robins believes that it could sell at a market price of £150.

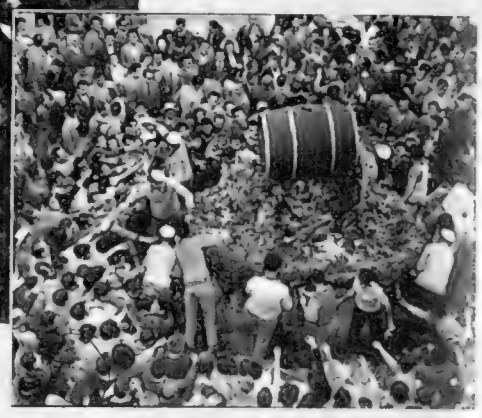
ANOTHER GERMAN MIDGET AT THE FRANKFURT SHOW: This model by the firm of Kleinschnittger weighs only 580 lb. The two-stroke, 2-cylinder engine is located in front and gives the car a top speed of 60 m.p.h. To the German buyer, the car will be sold at a price equivalent to £250.

FREE WINE IN ITALY

Crowds Come to Marino for the Festival of Wine

Below—

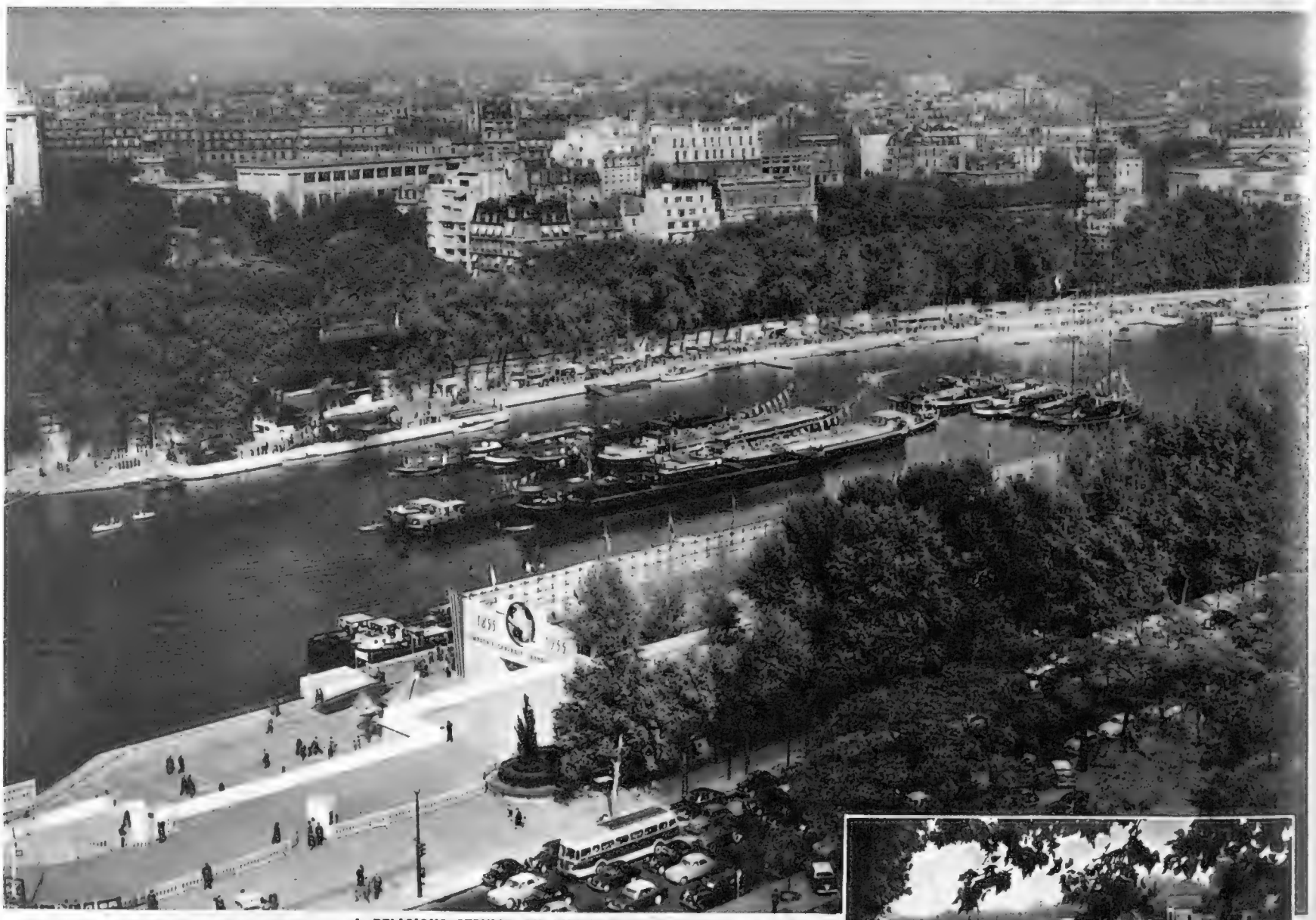
THE THIRSTY CROWD: Eager hands are outstretched for the free issue of wine from a barrel in the square in Marino. The drinking receptacles are, for the most part, paper cups. This small Italian town and the surrounding district are noted for white wine. In times past fountains flowed with wine in Marino during its annual wine festival, but now the supply is limited to barrels, so there is always a scramble for a drink.



THE ANNUAL WINE FESTIVAL IN MARINO: The little town, fifteen miles from Rome, is packed with visitors for the procession of the annual wine festival. From the decorated carts free wine and free grapes are handed to spectators. The occasion for this distribution of wine and grapes commemorates the battle of Lepanto.

IN PARIS ON THE SEINE

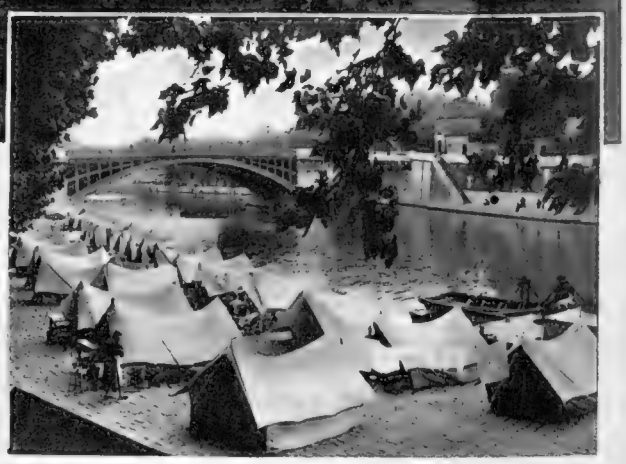
Mass is Celebrated on the River; on its Bank Homeless Find Shelter



A RELIGIOUS SERVICE ON THE WATER: On the Sunday before the opening of the International Nautical Exhibition in Paris, vessels are gathered in midstream for the celebration of the Mass on the River Seine. The ships range from big sight-seeing craft to small motor-boats and dinghies. Some of the Exhibition buildings are seen on the near bank.

On right—

"TENT TOWN" IN THE CENTRE OF PARIS: Along a bank of the river in the heart of the French capital these tents provide shelter for the homeless. They have been erected by the famous Abbé Pierre, who has done so much in organising the welfare and care of the down-and-outs in Paris.



Cyprus has a New Governor

Sir John Harding Takes Office and Immediately Tackles the Many Problems Before Him

Those familiar with the career of Field-Marshal Sir John Harding will not be surprised to learn that his arrival in Cyprus as Governor brought the presence of a forceful authority. In his first forty-eight hours in office he met on separate occasions Archbishop Makarios, the leader of the Enosis movement, and various Turkish leaders. A laconic communiqué after the first meeting of Sir John and His Beatitude said they had "exchanged views" and "agreed they would meet again for further discussions." The first fruits of the discussions with the representatives of Turkish opinion in Cyprus were also an invitation for further talks.

Sir John has plainly stated the policy he intends to pursue. It consists of three main points: the restoration of order, so that everybody can go about without fear of threats or terrorism; the improvement of living conditions on the island; and the preparation of the way for constitutional reform. It is known that the Greeks and the Turks in Cyprus are utterly opposed in their political views. But the new Governor has shown a determination and energy to find a solution which has been a tonic to all on the island. Particularly, heart has been given to the troops and police, who have to keep order under the most trying conditions. Sir John has found time to visit units frequently, and let them see that he is Commander-in-Chief as well as Governor.

THE NEW GOVERNOR ARRIVES: Field-Marshal Sir John Harding stands on the dais as the 40th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, fires a salute after his arrival by air in Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus.

INSPECTION BY THE FIELD-MARSHAL: Sir John Harding inspects the guard of honour of the South Staffordshire Regiment. *On right*—The Governor is talking with a member of the band of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers in the forecourt of Government House.

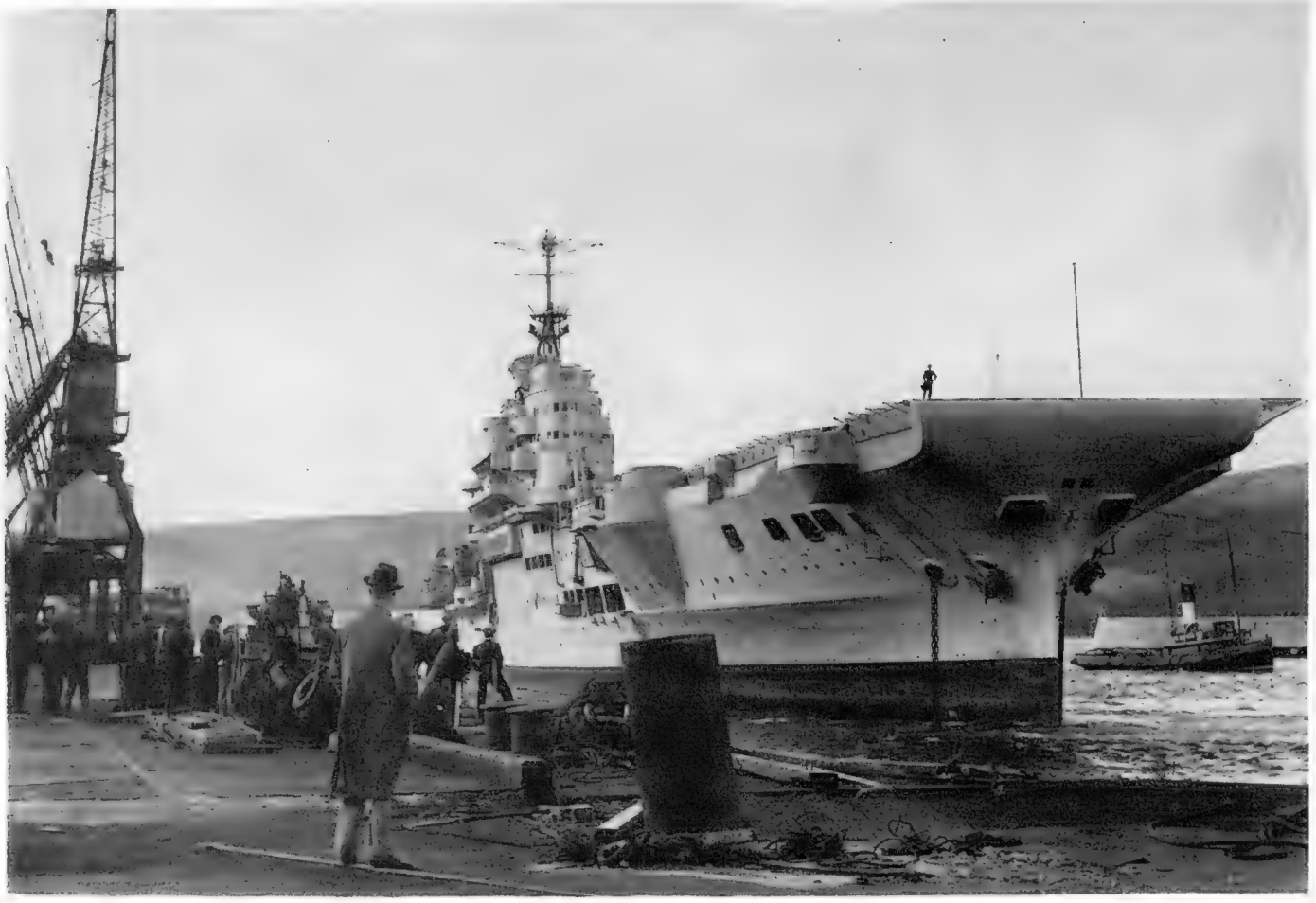
THE NEW GOVERNOR IS SWORN: Sir John Harding takes the oath in Government House, in Nicosia. He at once started on his threefold policy of restoring order, improving the social and economic conditions of the people of Cyprus, and preparing the way for constitutional reforms on the island.

THE GOVERNOR MEETS THE ARCHBISHOP: Sir John and the Enosis leader, Archbishop Makarios, come from the Ledra Palace Hotel, in Nicosia, at the end of their first meeting.

The Home News in Pictures

FROM ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN SCOTLAND AND IN TWO ENGLISH CITIES

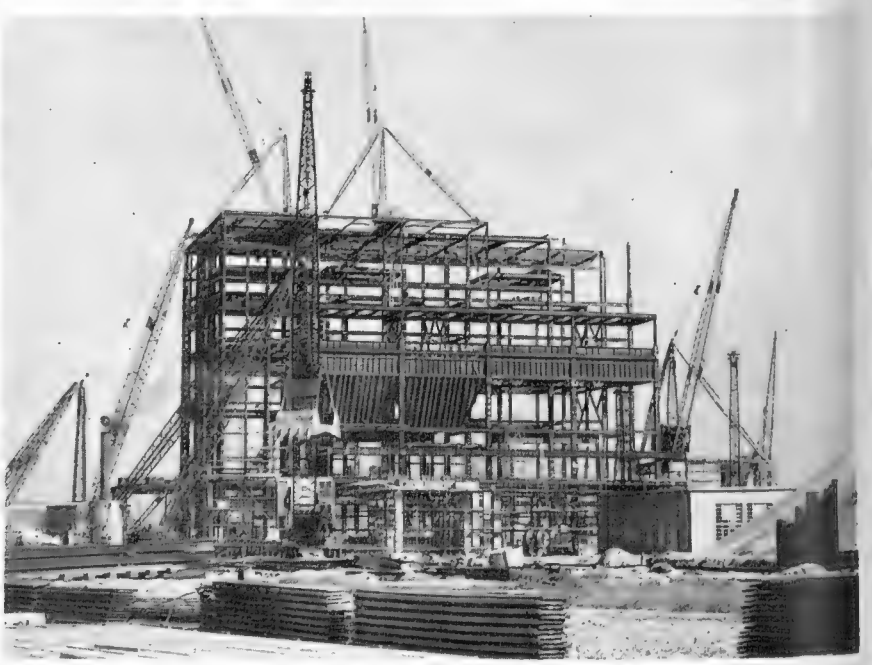


A FAMOUS WARSHIP IS PREPARED FOR BREAKING-UP : The aircraft-carrier *Indomitable* in the Gareloch before being taken to Port Faslane, where she will be broken up. *Indomitable* was launched in 1940. Early on during her career she was dive-bombed and damaged while on service with a Malta-bound convoy, and in 1943 she was torpedoed while on operations near Sicily. She joined the Eastern Fleet in 1944 and spent the rest of the war fighting the Japanese.

A LIVESTOCK SALE AT ABOYNE : The buyers seem almost as crowded as the sheep in this picture of the Michael Fair at Aboyne. Business this year was extremely brisk, and on the first day of the Fair well over 8,000 sheep were sold.

A SUGAR-CARRYING SHIP PREPARES FOR HER TRIALS : The *Sugar Importer*, which has been built for Tate and Lyle, Limited, is seen as she is towed out of Aberdeen Harbour after her completion. Of 5,200 tons deadweight, the ship, which will carry a crew of thirty-four, will be used by Tate and Lyle on the run between the refinery in London and the West Indies. She will cut fourteen days off the round trip.

A FLOODLIT MIRACLE PLAY IS PERFORMED AT SHEFFIELD : Amateur actors of the Sheffield Christian Community Players are seen as they enter the courtyard of a block of flats to present their Miracle play before an audience composed mainly of children. Spotlights had been placed around on the walls of the flats and illuminated the players. The performance was accompanied by special music recorded by the Sheffield Bach Choir.



THE SKELETON OF BRITAIN'S LATEST POWER-STATION : The steel framework of the new generating station which is being erected for the Central Electricity Authority at South Denes, near Great Yarmouth. The station, which will provide power for much of Norfolk, embodies many new features. To save dust and ashes polluting the air, both coal and ashes will be transported between the station and quayside by tunnels.

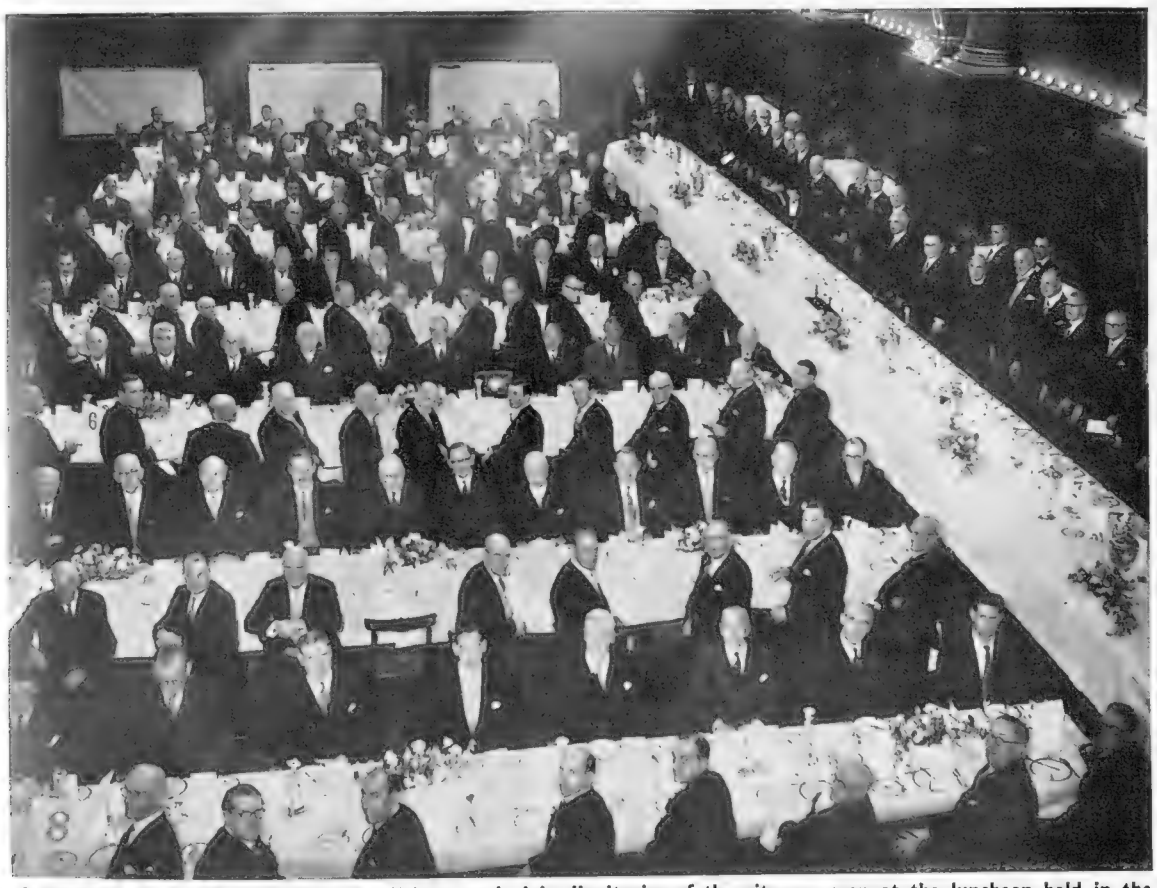
THE CEREMONY OF THE KEYS AT THE TOWER OF LONDON : The last stage of the ancient ceremony. The main guard and the escort to the Keys present arms as a drummer sounds "The Last Post." This part of the ceremony is timed to coincide with the clock on the barrack square chiming ten o'clock. *On right*—The Chief Yeoman Warder and the Yeoman on duty close and lock the gates of the ancient Byward Tower as the escorts present arms.

Every night for over 700 years the closing of the gates of the Tower of London has been carried out with full ceremonial dignity. The Chief Yeoman Warder of the Tower, with the Yeoman Warder on duty that night, and accompanied by an escort provided by the regiment on duty at the Tower, visits each of the main gates and in the name of H.M. the Queen duly locks the gate while the escorts present arms.

As the Keys and the escort proceed from gate to gate they are challenged by each sentry passed with : "Halt—Who goes there ?", and the Chief Yeoman Warder replies, "The Keys." The sentry then asks, "Whose Keys ?," to which the reply is "Queen Elizabeth's Keys," and the sentry says, "Pass Keys, all is well." The party then proceeds. The way round the Tower is lighted by a special lantern which is carried by the Yeoman Warder. The one now in use was presented to the Tower by the Honourable Artillery Company after they had completed a tour of duty at the Tower during World War I.

The lamp is bound in brass and, in accordance with tradition, the light is provided by a candle. The base of the lamp is decorated with a Tudor Rose and the letters G.R., and has an inscription beneath the Grenade of the regiment.

The end of the Keys Ceremony is marked by the whole guard and escort presenting arms while the drummer sounds "The Last Post," and is timed to coincide with the striking of ten by the clock on the barrack square. The Chief Yeoman Warder leaves the escort to lodge the Keys with the Resident-General.



A HISTORIC OCCASION AT SHEFFIELD : Citizens and civic dignitaries of the city are seen at the luncheon held in the Cutlers' Hall after the installation of the 320th Master Cutler. The installation ceremony was held in the old banqueting hall and was attended by the Lord Mayor of Sheffield and by former Master Cutlers. The outgoing Master, Mr. W. G. Ibberson, unpinned his jewel of office and fastened it round the neck of the incoming Master, Mr. R. P. Phillips. Immediately afterwards the wives of the two men exchanged the badge of Mistress Cutler. After the installation ceremony the top-hatted members of the Company, preceded by beadles, walked in procession to Sheffield Cathedral, where a service was held. Later, lunch was served in the Cutlers' main Banqueting Hall. One of the main features of the day's events was the speech by the new Master—a speech which traditionally surveys Sheffield industry and points to what is needful. Mr. Phillips was able to tell his audience of full employment in the Sheffield area and of full order books. But the new Master warned that production costs were continuing to rise and he called for vigorous action to cut down this rise.

THE LADY MAYORESS ARRIVES FOR THE INSTALLATION CEREMONY OF THE 320TH MASTER CUTLER : Mrs. J. Curtiss, Lady Mayoress, is nearest the camera. With her are Mrs. Ibberson, retiring Mistress Cutler, and Mrs. R. P. Phillips, the new Mistress Cutler. *Below*—The Lord Mayor, the retiring Master and the new Master Cutler arrive at Sheffield Cathedral for the special service.

THE TORIES GATHER FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THEIR ELECTION VICTORY: Platform and auditorium in the conference hall at Bournemouth are well filled during the conference of the Conservative and Unionist Associations. This was the first occasion on which the Party met since the election victory last May.

MINISTERS IN CONCLAVE: Members of this private discussion group after a session in the conference hall are, from left, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. Osbert Peake, Minister of Pensions; Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary.

Conservatives at Bournemouth

The Seventy-fifth Annual Tory Conference Found Something to Criticise in the Policies of Ministers

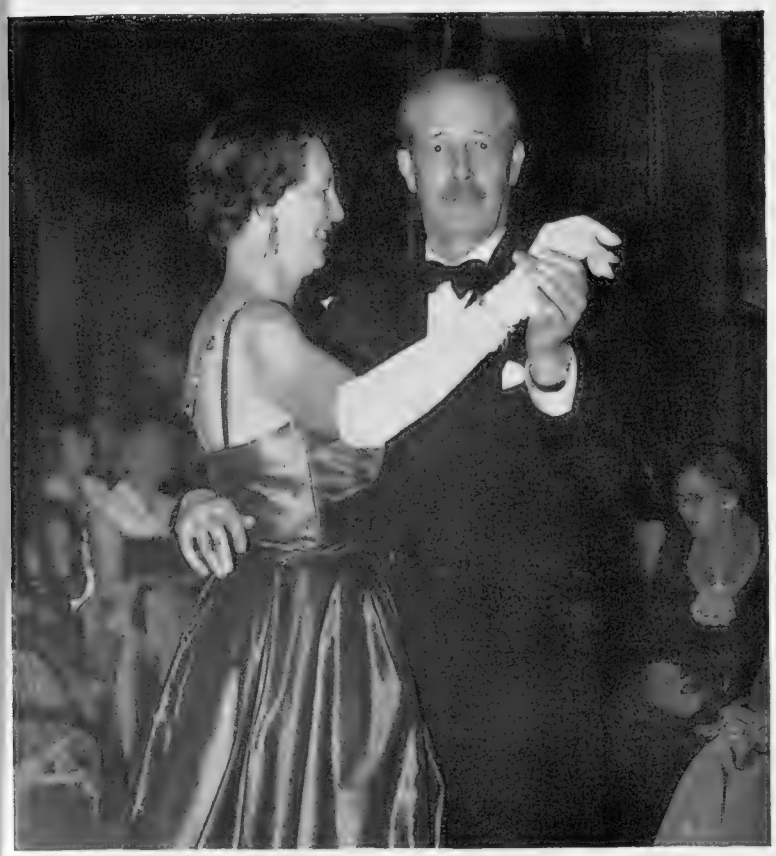
The Annual Conference of the Conservatives, held this year at Bournemouth, turned out to be far more interesting and even exciting than the rather colourless agenda had led one to expect. Three events made this year's conference memorable. First in importance, though last in chronological order, was the speech by Sir Anthony Eden, who was addressing the delegates for the first time as Prime Minister and leader of the Party.

It was in the former capacity that Sir Anthony was really speaking. He gave the delegates an outline of the Government's proposals for cutting down the number of National Servicemen, and their liability to part-time service; for reorganising Home Defence in this country; and for better inter-Service co-ordination. On the subject of Cabinet changes, which had been generally expected, Sir Anthony was blunt and to the point. "I have asked my colleagues to remain at their posts for the present. And that 's that." When dealing with industrial relations, Sir Anthony asked every firm urgently to consider further joint consultations, profit-sharing and a "sense of partnership." When reviewing Foreign Affairs, the Prime Minister commented on the seriousness and potential danger of the Middle East situation.

The Prime Minister, despite the uncompromising nature of his speech, received a warm ovation from the delegates. The same cannot be said of the Chancellor, Mr. Butler, who was equally firm when speaking of the considerable problems which were facing him. He pointed out, with some justice, that many of the resolutions put down by delegates would make his task of curbing inflation and reducing Government expenditure impossible, and he had little sympathy with those members of the Party who were asking him to achieve this. A vote of confidence in Mr. Butler and his policies was carried grudgingly but almost unanimously.

There was nothing grudging, however, about the farewell that the delegates gave to Lord Woolton. Uncle Fred, as he has been affectionately known to friend and foe, has, as Chairman, revitalised the Conservative Party since the gloomy days of defeat after the election of 1945. "The penetrating and avuncular genius of Lord Woolton," as Sir Anthony described it last week, is now generally recognised as having had more to do with the success of the Conservative Party at the polls in recent years than almost any other single factor. When the delegates in the crowded conference hall rose and sang "For He 's a Jolly Good Fellow" many of them were visibly overcome by the occasion. It was a moment of spontaneous unanimity such as Lord Woolton had himself proudly witnessed at many a previous conference.

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY : It's that conference feeling for Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Health, and Sir David Eccles, Minister of Education, seen on the platform during a speech.



THE FOREIGN SECRETARY TAKES THE FLOOR : Mr. Harold Macmillan looks slightly surprised as the camera catches him on the floor of the Pavilion Ballroom. His partner is Mrs. Willoughby, wife of Bournemouth's Mayor.

LADIES LEND THEIR SUPPORT : Between Sir David and Lady Eccles, left, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, is Lady Dorothy Macmillan, wife of the Foreign Secretary.

"ON THE QUESTION OF ROADS" : Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, answers a resolution on roads.

A BREEZY DAY FOR THE CHAIRMAN : Mrs. Evelyn Emmet, M.P., Chairman of the conference, has to hold on to her hat in the breeze.

THE RETIRING CHAIRMAN OF THE PARTY ORGANISATION IN FINE FETTLE : Lord Woolton, whose last conference this was as Party Chairman, arrives with his wife at the conference hall. *Below*—The Chairman of the conference, Mrs. Emmet, right, with Mrs. Lorne Sayers, this year's President of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, are at a reception.

A HELPING HAND FROM THE CHANCELLOR : Mr. Butler leans across the table during the Mayor's reception to greet a friend. It was his speech on the opening day of the conference that shattered the promise of dull unanimity. The Chancellor's blunt statement that he would take stern measures to curb inflation evoked little enthusiasm.

LABOUR'S LEADERS STEP OUT ON THE FRONT AT MARGATE: The Mayor, Alderman C. F. S. Witts, takes Dr. Edith Summerskill and Mr. Attlee by the arm during a brisk walk at Margate. Others in the group are, from left, Mr. Jim Griffiths, Mr. Morgan Phillips, Mrs. Witts, Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Hugh Gaitskell.

Labour at Margate

The Annual Conference of the Labour Party was Chiefly Devoted to Internal Reform after Last May's Election Defeat

No sooner had the Conservatives finished their conference at Bournemouth than the Labour Party began theirs at Margate. The breezes which invigorated the members of the National Executive as they marched along the promenade gave them some inkling of the vigorous reception they might expect from the delegates to the annual conference.

The Party is still licking its wounds after its election defeat last May, and uppermost in the minds of delegates are the suggestions which have been made for revitalising their organisation. Before them was the report of Mr. Harold Wilson's committee which investigated Party organisation, and which had some hard words to say about the "rusty penny-farthing" which was being used to keep up with the more streamlined machine employed by the Conservatives. It was decided that the conference should discuss this report in private.

The action that the delegates take on it may also give some clue as to where political popularity has shifted since the last conference. It may also focus attention on the increasingly pressing problem of succession to Mr. Attlee. It is known that he wishes to retire soon.

While delegates were naturally concerned to put their own house in order, discussion was not confined to internal matters. The Labour Party was asked to state its attitude towards subsidised rents, military service, and increased nationalisation. However, many delegates, especially members of the Parliamentary Party, were hoping that the conference would not commit them to too definite a policy in the House of Commons. In general, indeed, it was agreed that Margate should serve as an opportunity for taking stock rather than as a policy-forming conference where too many decisions might be made in the heat of the moment.

SUNDAY SERVICE AT A BAPTIST CHURCH: Mr. and Mrs. Attlee with the Rev. F. F. Pepper, the Minister, after a pre-conference service at the Cecil Square Baptist Church in Margate. The leader of the Labour Party read one of the lessons.

PLATFORM STUDIES DURING THE CONFERENCE: Both Mr. Attlee and his second in command, Mr. Morrison, puff meditatively at their pipes during a session of the conference. *On left*—Mr. Morrison and Dr. Edith Summerskill, the retiring chairman of the Labour Party, are seen in earnest consultation together before the session began.

HORSES OF THE YEAR

Pictures from Harringay of the Climax of Britain's Show-Jumping Season

THE WINNER OF THE BRITISH SHOW-JUMPING ASSOCIATION SPURS : Mr. E. Williams tries Pegasus over a jump in the assembly ring before one of the events at the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay, in London. At the end of the Show Mr. Williams and Pegasus had won the coveted award of the British Show-Jumping Association Spurs. These are given to the rider gaining the greatest number of points in B.S.J.A. competitions with only one horse. The Show at Harringay is now well established as the climax of the show-jumping season. This year, beside a strong British entry, there were also representatives from Australia, Belgium, Germany, Ireland and Italy. The crowds of spectators were greater than ever and on every evening all the seats appeared full. In the grand finale on the last night over seventy horses assembled in the arena for the cavalcade which ended the Show.

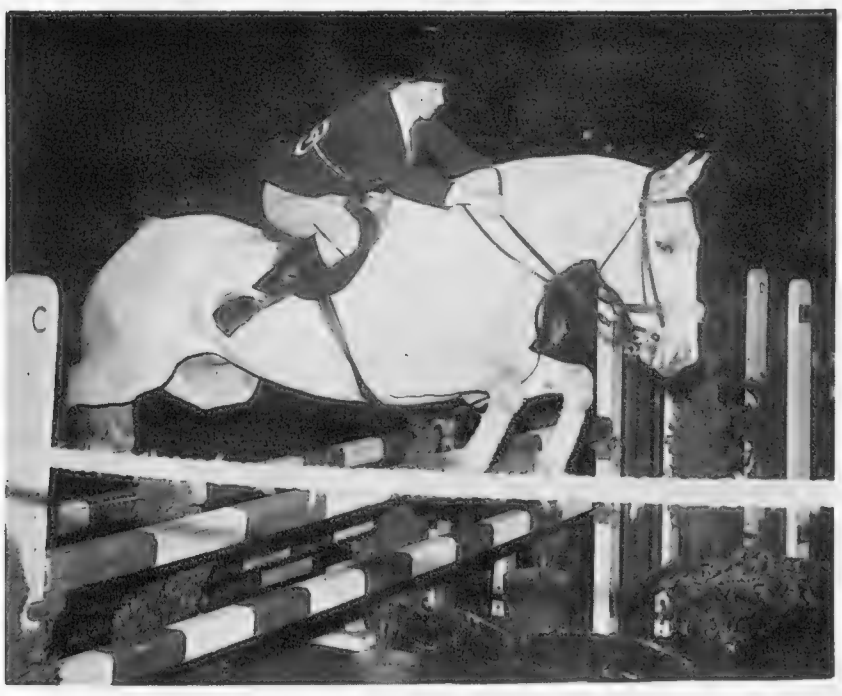
On right—

HACKNEY HORSE OF THE YEAR : Driving Mr. Phillips's Cornishman is Mr. J. Black. He beat his niece, Mrs. Haydon, who was driving Walton Diplomat.

Below—

THE WINNER OF THE FINAL SPEED EVENT : Miss Dawn Palethorpe, riding Holywell Surprise, clearing a jump during the competition for the Country Life and Riding Cup, which she won. She jumped a clear round in 58·6 secs. Among Miss Palethorpe's other trophies were the Harringay Spurs, which were awarded to her as the rider of the most successful horse in the competitions under F.E.I. rules.

LEADING JUVENILE SHOW-JUMPER OF THE YEAR : This title was won by Miss Valerie Wood, Thirsk, Yorkshire, on her gelding Carreg Guest. She jumped three clear rounds.

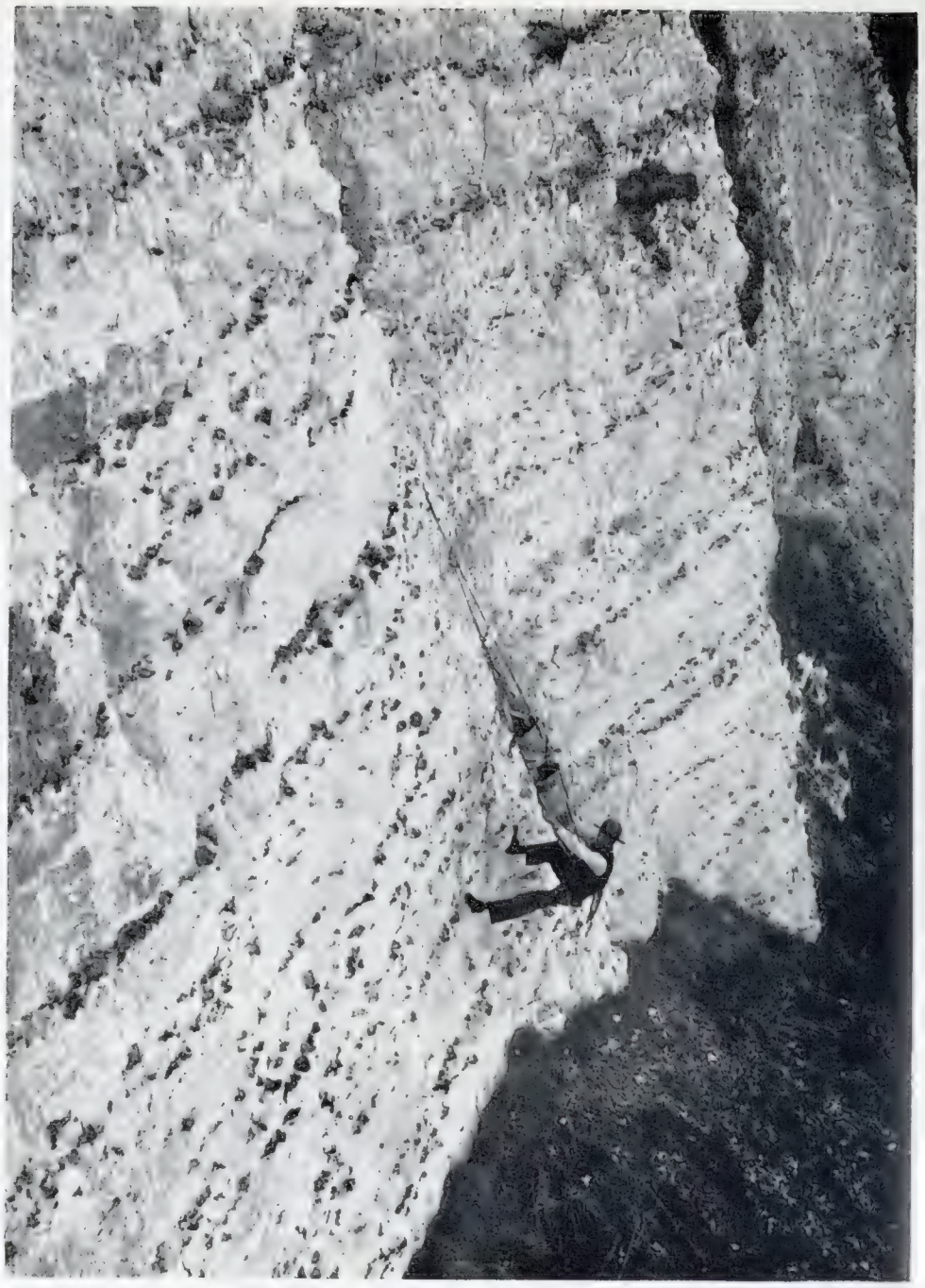


A WINNER FROM GERMANY : Herr von Buchwaldt on Tabitha receives from the jockey Brian Marshall the cup for winning the Gordon Richards Stakes.

A CLEAR ROUND : Dreamboat, ridden by Miss F. Stanbury, takes a jump in the course of a clear round in the Dick Turpin Stakes at Harringay.

"RESCUE" AT BEACHY HEAD

Eastbourne Police Take Part in a Training Course in Cliff Rescue Work



DOWN THE CLIFF-FACE AT BEACHY HEAD, IN SUSSEX : Sergeant Burcham, of the Eastbourne Police, prepares to leave the grass slope and start down the cliff-face during a training course in cliff rescue work. He is carrying a Neil Robertson-type stretcher slung over his shoulder. On another grass slope below the sergeant is the Assistant Instructor, Constable Ward, who will demonstrate the method for securing the "rescued" person to the stretcher. The steel cable used in the rescue work is 700 ft. long.

On left—
ANOTHER POLICEMAN UNDERGOES THE TEST : Constable Evans starts on the descent walking backwards, his right hand keeping the stretcher close to his body. This allows easier movement over the cliff-edge.

SERGEANT BURCHAM IS RAISED TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF : He has lashed the "rescued" person to the stretcher and is being hauled up by means of the steel cable. During the journey upwards the stretcher precedes him, so that he can guide it over the jagged cliff-face. The rescuer keeps in touch with other operators on the cliff by telephone.

On left—
A HELPING HAND AT THE TOP : Sergeant Burcham has successfully reached the cliff-top and is helped over the last few feet by Sergeant Humphrey and Constable Evans.

A rescue operation from the rocky beach at the foot of Beachy Head is always a difficult and dangerous task. The chalk cliff rises 533 ft. sheer from the sea and about the only way for a rescuer to reach a trapped person is by being lowered from the cliff-top. This requires much skill not only on the part of the rescuer but also from those assisting in the operation. Efficiency is essential and a period of training in the work is necessary. Recently the Eastbourne Police held a training course in the rescue work at Beachy Head and several members of the force took part. They were all volunteers and the object of the training was to ensure that they were thoroughly conversant with the hazards which may be encountered during a cliff rescue, and efficient in the use of the apparatus needed.

The apparatus used during the exercise was devised twenty years ago by ex-Sergeant Jack Arnold, holder of many rescue-work awards. It consists of 700 ft. of steel cable mounted on a long triangular frame of steel girders, the apex shaped like a crane-arm projecting over the cliff-edge to carry the cable clear of obstruction. It can be moved to any point along the cliff and is anchored in position by 6-ft.-long steel stakes which are hammered into the ground. 700 ft. of telephone line on a separate drum and mount ; crash helmets ; overalls and safety belts complete the equipment. When the trainees have learned to keep their nerve while dangling 500 ft. above the rocks, they are taught to take a stretcher down with them and effect a "rescue." One of the greatest dangers in this work lies in the constant threat of flint boulders crumbling from the cliff-face while the operation is in progress.

A VITAL PART IN THE RESCUE OPERATION : This is the machinery which is used to lower and raise the rescue workers. In the foreground, centre, is the windlass which controls the steel cable, and on the right is the line for the telephone. Handling the telephone line is Policewoman Goldsmith. The steel cable is secured to a strong body-belt worn by the rescuer.

Elaborately ornamented dirk worn by officers of the Cameron Highlanders, the famous Scots Regiment, on full dress occasions. The stones are cairngorms.

TRADITION

Tradition largely governs the refinements of ceremonial Highland costume. Tradition, too, plays a major role in the blending of GILBEY'S SPEY ROYAL Whisky—a proprietary Scotch of great character that has built up an enviable reputation throughout the world.

SCOTCH Spey Royal WHISKY

A PROPRIETARY BRAND

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A Fine List of Newcomers

Looking Ahead to the Motor Show which Opens at Earls Court Next Wednesday

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

ALL is ready for the London Motor Show, which opens at Earls Court next Wednesday, and as far as I can make out only one important new model remains to be announced.

There has been news this week of some exciting new cars which look like being best-sellers. Even if the price increases announced by a number of firms and the extra penny on premium petrol have taken a bit of the gilt off the Motor Show gingerbread this year, our great international exhibition is once again arousing enormous interest throughout Europe.

Motorists whose Show appetite was first whetted by the debut of the handsome new 100-m.p.h. 2.4-litre Jaguar saloon, the Humber Hawk Estate Car and the M.G.A. sports two-seater, have since been regaled by a feast of new models.

Of outstanding interest were the sleek Vanguard III, the fascinating and luxurious Sunbeam Rapier and the Estate car versions of the Ford Anglia and Prefect.

Then there is the Singer Hunter "75" (with twin overhead camshafts), the modified Vauxhalls, a revised Daimler range, and an Alvis with an elegant two-door body designed by Graber, of Berne, Switzerland.

Among the sports cars we have an attractive hard-top version of the famous Aston Martin DB 2–4, a 150 m.p.h. two-seater Allard with a Cadillac engine, an Austin–Healey Hundred "M" model with Le Mans modifications, and a Morgan two-seater with the well-tried 1,172 cc. Ford engine.

Let 's deal first with the new Vanguard III saloon. It retains the famous 2-litre, 4-cylinder Standard engine, but in all other respects it is brand-new. In looks it is streets ahead of the earlier models. It is slimmer, longer and lower, with the wheelbase increased by 8 ins. to 8 ft. 6 ins. and the overall length by nearly 5 ins. to 14 ft. 4 ins.

Instead of a chassis frame, this new four-door Vanguard saloon is built on the unitary system, and this has helped to reduce the weight by 2½ cwt. No wonder the new model has an even livelier performance than its forebears. It should also be more economical on fuel. In fact, an m.p.g. figure of 26–30 m.p.g. is claimed. A curved windscreen and wrap-around rear window help to improve visibility, and there are many other improvements.

Above all, the new Standard is a better-looking car. The price is £599 plus £250 14s. 2d. tax—a total of £849 14s. 2d. That is £62 6s. 8d. up on the old Vanguard. On basic price the increase is £44.

32,000 MILES IN THIRTEEN MONTHS: Mr. Hugh Hill-Venning and Mr. and Mrs. Ken Teesdale are seen with their specially equipped Land-Rover after arriving at Manchester from Tasmania. Their journey took them across Australia, and then through Ceylon, India, Pakistan, Persia, Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia, Austria, Germany and France. The Land-Rover, whose rear telescopes upwards to form a three-bunk bedroom, is fitted with a kitchen and a shower-bath.

All the other Standard models have gone up, too, except the Triumph T.R.2. An improved version of this fabulously successful sports two-seater—the T.R.3—with room available in the back for two "occasional" seats and a power rise of 5 b.h.p., costs £921, including tax: £34 9s. 2d. more than the T.R.2.

The Standard Family Eight saloon has gone up £10 to £405 on basic price and now costs a total of £523 17s. 6d. An improved de luxe version is styled the Super Eight, and costs £36 16s. 8d. more, including tax. Similarly, the lively little Standard Ten is now called the Super Ten and costs £29 14s. 11d. more (tax included).

An Estate car model of the Super Ten—it is appropriately known as the "Good Companion"—now costs a total of £688 4s. 2d., a rise of £35 8s. 4d.

Now for the next big Show debutante: the two-door Sunbeam Rapier saloon. This slinky, 70-m.p.h. luxury model has the smallest-ever Sunbeam engine. Basically, it is the Hillman Minx unit (o.h.v., 4 cylinders, and 1,390 cc.), but it has a higher compression ratio and a Stromberg down-draught carburettor. As a result of the "hotting-up" this willing power plant has undergone for the Rapier, it peaks at 5,000 r.p.m., at which speed, under the revised method of computing brake horse-power adopted by the Rootes Group, it develops 57½ b.h.p. net and 62 b.h.p. gross.

A Laycock-de-Normanville overdrive unit operating on the two top ratios, and thus giving a six-speed gear-box, is fitted as standard and included in a price of £985 14s. 2d. (£695 plus £290 14s. 2d. tax). This is £141 13s. 4d. less than the 2.3-litre Sunbeam Sports Saloon (continuing unchanged).

Here are the dimensions of the 1.4-litre Rapier: overall length, 13 ft. 4½ ins.; width, 5 ft. 0¾ ins.; height, 4 ft. 10 ins.; wheelbase, 8 ft.; turning circle, 34 ft. 3 ins. Dry weight is 20¼ cwt. Unitary construction is employed with transverse cross-members.

The two new Ford Estate cars—the Escort and the Squire—are, respectively, based on the well-known Anglia and Prefect saloons (1,172 cc.). The Squire is, in effect, a de luxe version of the Escort. Both have room for four people and their luggage, but when they are needed as load-carriers, the rear-seat cushion folds forward and the squab hinges into place to provide a flat floor behind the front seat.

The upper and lower parts of the tail gate are hinged at roof-line to floor-line respectively, and the Squire has sliding side windows. Prices: Escort, £587 12s. 6d. (£414 plus £173 12s. 6d. tax); Squire, £631 10s. 10d. (£445 plus £186 10s.).

The prices of the Anglia and Prefect saloons remain unchanged—as do those of all the other Fords—but this has apparently been achieved only by depriving them of some of their "frills."

The de luxe Anglia costs £542 5s. 10d. and the special Prefect £596 14s. 2d. This is, respectively, £31 3s. 4d. more than the standard Anglia (basic price up £22) and £35 8s. 4d. more than the cheaper Prefect (£25 up on basic).

The only other important changes in the Ford range, as has already been announced, are the availability of Borg-Warner overdrive on the 6-cylinder models (Zephyr and Zodiac) for £60 4s. 2d. extra, including tax. I tried out a Zephyr with overdrive the other day and was most impressed by its automatic operation.

Singer Motors now offer a range of three Hunters. Price of the existing model, although improved, remains unchanged at £975 1s. 8d. For £174 19s. 2d. extra (including tax) this old-established Birmingham firm now offer the luxury Hunter "75," a better-than-90-m.p.h. saloon whose 1½-litre engine has twin overhead camshafts and two carburettors. It develops 75 brake horse-power at 5,250 r.p.m. compared with the 50 b.h.p. at 4,300 produced by the single o.h.c. version.

The Singer trio is completed by the Hunter "S"—an "austerity" model shorn of the lavish list of accessories included in the catalogue price of the other Hunters. The "S" model costs £895 0s. 10d. (£56 10s. less than the standard Hunter on basic price or £80 0s. 10d. including tax).

Vauxhall Motors continue to rely on a popular three-model range consisting of the 4-cylinder Wyvern and the 6-cylinder Velox and Cresta. They incorporate a number of improvements, including better looks, and the prices have gone up thus:

Wyvern, £723 12s. 6d.: an increase of £15 basic: total, £21 5s.

Velox, £794 9s. 2d.: an increase of £25 basic: total, £35 8s. 4d.

Cresta, £879 9s. 2d.: an increase of £25 basic: total, £35 8s. 4d.

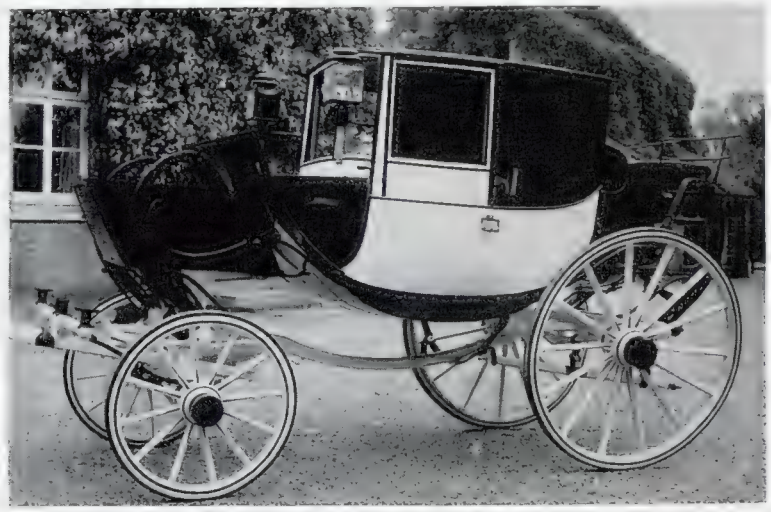
There is no longer any need, say the makers, to "run-in" the 1956 Vauxhalls. Visibility is improved by the use of a wider screen, with narrower pillars; wider windows; and a rear window 61 per cent. greater in area. Winding windows are used, new door locks and ventilating panels are fitted and the design of the radiator grille has been modified, there being fewer vertical bars.

The instrument panel has been restyled, and the 6-cylinder models now have combined door-pulls and arm-rests. All models are available in a wide range of new colour schemes.

There is a wide range of 1956 Daimlers. The new One-O-Four is a development of the Regency and can be bought with either a 3½-litre or 4.6-litre engine. It is also offered in luxurious form as a special ladies' model, with much special equipment. All windows will be power-operated. Last year's Daimler Sportsman appears in improved form as the Four Light Saloon with a 4.6-litre engine.

Also greatly improved is the Century–Conquest Roadster model; so much so, in fact, that it has been renamed the Century–Conquest Sports Coupé. The name DK 400 has been given to a luxurious seven-seater Daimler limousine with 4.6-litre engine.

Alvis are offering an elegant Graber-bodied two-door saloon based on their 3-litre Grey Lady. It is known as the TC 108/G, and an increased power output, allied to the streamline form of the Swiss-styled coachwork, gives a top speed of 105 m.p.h. Total price is £2,621 19s. 2d. (£800 more than the TC 21–100 saloon it replaces).



A FINE EXAMPLE OF LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CRAFTSMANSHIP: This Post Chaise or Posting Chariot, built about 1780, forms part of a magnificent collection of English Carriages on show at Great Barford, Bedfordshire, in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign. The body of the carriage illustrated is suspended on semi-whip springs constructed on the undercarriage and not mounted on the elliptic springs as was the custom at a later date. The elliptic spring was invented in 1804. Seating was spacious and the two passengers were able to obtain a full view through the front and side windows. When built this coach cost £95. The exhibition at Great Barford has been staged by Mr. Wilfrid E. Lewin, who owns most of the carriages. It is open to the public by appointment at any time, but preferably on Saturdays, and potential visitors should approach Mr. Lewin at Great Barford.

What about the sports cars? Supreme in this category, of course, is the Aston Martin range, now extended by the addition of a handsome hard-top version of the D.B. 2–4 saloon. It costs the same as the saloon, the price of which has been increased by £125 (£177 1s. 8d. with tax) to a total of £2,905 5s. 10d. The Aston Martin drophead coupé now costs £175 more (£247 18s. 4d. with tax), but the price of the DB 35 competition two-seater is unchanged.

There is a new two-seater competition model Allard, with a 5.4-litre V8 Cadillac engine which develops 270 b.h.p. and gives a claimed top speed of 150 m.p.h. At the other end of the scale we have a new Morgan with a special version of the 1,172 cc. Ford engine which powers the Anglia and Prefect.

The well-known Austin–Healey Hundred is now available with a number of Le Mans modifications as optional extras, including high-compression pistons giving a ratio of 8.1 to 1.

That, you will agree, is a fine list of newcomers and improved old favourites. It should be a Motor Show worth seeing.

SCRAMBLE AT SILVERSTONE: Riders and passengers scramble for their machines at the start of the 30-mile side-car race during the Hutchinson Hundred motor-cycle meeting at Silverstone. The race was won by C. Smith (Norton-Watsonian). In the 500 cc. event J. Surtees, on a Norton, beat the world champion, G. Duke, by 100 yards. His speed was 94.78 m.p.h.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

TESTING BRITAIN'S AIRCRAFT

The Story of Wing-Commander Roland Beamont; Books on Travel, Autobiography, Cricket and Politics; and a Crop of New Novels

IT is only a few weeks since the fifteenth anniversary of the Battle of Britain, an unforgettable epic in our history and one whose survivors have furnished many of our greatest airmen in the present day. Such a one is Wing-Commander Roland Beamont, a fighter pilot during the war, in Hurricanes, Typhoons and Tempests successively, a record train-strafer and the inventor of a fantastic treatment of flying-bombs, by which he tipped them with his own aircraft wing and sent them into earth-dives. He is now chief test pilot of the still secret supersonic fighter P1, having "graduated" as test pilot on Meteors and the Canberra. AGAINST THE SUN (Cassell. 16s.) is his story as told by Mr. Edward Lanchbery and very inspiring reading it makes.

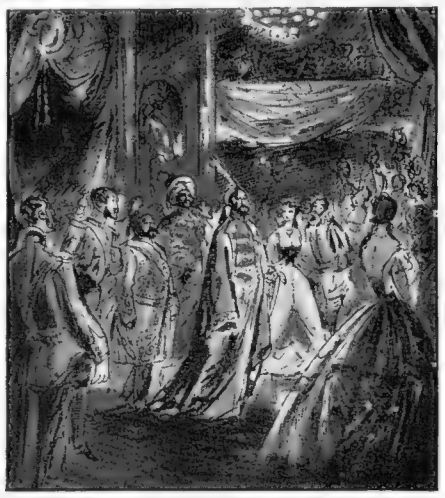
The next five books are concerned in their several ways with other forms of travel, beginning with Mrs. Evelyn Berglund Shore's contribution to wider horizons, BORN ON SNOWSHOES (Robert Hale. 16s.). This is the story of a young family growing up in a cabin north of the Arctic Circle, and making the best of a world which included an occasional grizzly bear in the bunk, and a charging moose with a cold, wet nose. At an age when many girls might be thinking of dances and party lists, the author was helping her sisters to run a trapline, 200 miles of it, in temperatures that could touch seventy below zero. An unconventional childhood, to put it mildly, and Mrs. Shore has made an exciting book out of it all.

BETWEEN THE ELEPHANT'S EYES (Longmans. 16s.) is a straightforward title that tells you a good deal about the book before you open it, but doesn't prepare the reader for at least one unusual aspect, which is that the author, Mr. Robert L. Scott, is an American with a life-long ambition to hunt the biggest elephants in the world in Africa. This he satisfied. He is now a colonel in command of air bases in America and Germany, with a tally of 4,000,000 flying miles to his credit. An unexpected combination, but a good one, and so is his book on his African adventures.

THE LOST WORLD OF THE AMAZON (Souvenir Press. 18s.) has been translated from the German of Franz Eichhorn by Mervyn Savill, and is a first-hand account of a remarkable expedition into the hinterland of the Amazon to make a documentary film which included the first underwater shots of those terrifying fish, the piranhas, and photographs of such terrors as giant crocodiles and anacondas.

Travel in less hair-raising circumstances is the subject of Mr. R. A. N. Dixon's book, for when he is not editing an East Anglian magazine, he likes to travel in Spain. SPANISH RHAPSODY (Robert Hale. 18s.), an entertaining and knowledgeable travel book, is one of the results of these journeyings. It is chatty, discursive and full of extremely helpful information for anyone proposing to visit Spain.

INTO CHINA (Sidgwick and Jackson with MacGibbon and Kee. 25s.) has been translated from M. Claude Roy's French original by Mervyn Savill, and is in many ways an impressive volume in its length and scope. M. Roy is a poet, a critic, and also demonstrably a great traveller. There is a certain understatement in describing him as "well on the left," and no reader is going to fall flat with surprise that he, in the publishers' words, "was accepted without reserve by the Chinese authorities" in Mao Tse-Tung's China. On the whole, though, this survey of China about the year 1953 has great points of interest.



THE SULTAN'S BALL AT CONSTANTINOPLE: This illustration, by Walter Goetz, is taken from *Memorable Balls* (Andre Deutsch. 30s.), edited and with an introduction by James Laver. The book is a collection of eleven essays, each of which describes a memorable ball that was also an historic occasion. The ball illustrated was given at the end of the Crimean War. Other essays include the French Court in the fourteenth century; Paris on the eve of the St. Bartholomew massacre; and the ball in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. number of exotic backgrounds, taken by her husband, Mr. Val Guest, the film director.

Sad to say, the cricket season is over, but books about that noble game linger on, and the latest is Mr. Pat Landsberg's account of this year's series between Australia and the West Indies, which Australia won—three up. THE KANGAROO CONQUERS (Museum Press. 15s.) is a book for really keen followers; an assessment of Australia's future chances and a reasonable prognostication of Australia's prospects in this country next summer.

Dr. William Angus Sinclair, who had just finished the final revisions on his *Notes on Joining the Labour Party* when he lost his life last winter in a violent blizzard in the Cairngorms, was particularly fitted for an examination of relative party values, in the sense that he had stood, unsuccessfully, as a Conservative candidate in 1945 and, after consideration, had joined the Labour Party in 1951. SOCIALISM AND THE INDIVIDUAL (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) is therefore far from being a series of election addresses, but a reasoned survey of one man's—an intelligent man's—point of political view.

Now for two volumes of autobiography, as different from each other as an Oxford theologian and a versatile American actress can make them. SURPRISED BY JOY (Geoffrey Bles. 15s.) is a memoir by Dr. C. S. Lewis of his own early years, and of the formative circumstances which made him the sort of person he now is, explaining how he passed, in his own words, from Atheism to Christianity. It is, as one would expect, sensitive and revealing, and it is also immensely skilful in the deliberate and thoughtful simplicity of its exposition.

In her stage performances, Miss Yolande Donlan is apt to fizz as effervescently as a bottle of the best champagne, and her little essay in travel writing has something of that quality. SAND IN MY MINK (MacGibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.) is sometimes too consciously bright, but it is nevertheless a pretty amusing record of a journey after the sun in Mediterranean countries, a journey almost in vain which ended in London in May with the snow falling gently. The book has excellent snapshot-photographs featuring Miss Donlan against a

Among the novels, two of the most interesting this week have political overtones and undertones. THE ENORMOUS SHADOW (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d) is by Mr. Robert Harling, who has already given us a newspaperman's novel about newspapers, all the more memorable for its healthily cynical approach—if those two terms can be used in conjunction. Now he is writing about the Press once more, and in particular about a New York correspondent back on London leave, who becomes involved very closely in a kind of Burgess-Maclean case. Mr. Harling has a gift for evocation, which might come under the head of vivid descriptive writing, and there is an episode towards the end of the present novel which, for sheer, edge-of-the-chair excitement, is as good as anything I have read for months.

Mr. Christopher Sykes, in his new novel, writes of DATES AND PARTIES (Collins. 10s. 6d.); the dates being Munich and the beginning of the last war, and the parties either political or purely sociable. The era of which he writes is distant enough for passions to have cooled, or at least to have been succeeded by other passions, and it must be said that Mr. Sykes shows a real talent for re-creation there. But his characters never come to flesh and blood life.

A PERFECT WOMAN (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. L. P. Hartley's new novel set in a district rather like Hythe and Folkestone, and concerned with a commonplace young family: the husband, a scrupulous accountant, the wife, a Flaubertesque creation, their two small children, and the exotic creature who comes into their lives to bring them an awareness of passion and tragedy. Smoothly written, as one would expect from this author, in spite of one or two sharp little digs not worthy of his pen.

Miss Stella Morton has written a deeply-felt love story, in JAN (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), the tale of an Irish girl, and a Polish pilot whose plane crashes in Ireland during the war, and who loses his memory while he is nursed back to health by the girl and her family. Highly emotional, but not unreal.

Miss March Cost's novel, BY THE ANGEL, ISLINGTON (Collins. 12s. 6d.), is the story of a man, a French archæologist, who comes to London to search for a lost statue and a lost lady, loses one and finds the other, amid the celebrations of Jubilee year, 1935. Miss Cost has a spasmodic style that sometimes makes the reader a little uneasy, but her considerable vitality offsets that.

THE GARDEN OF CAHMOHN (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) is a frankly and pleasantly romantic novel by Miss René Ray, who is both actress and author. The setting is an English country house, the span of time 1894 to 1952, and the principal characters an Englishman and the women in his life. Readable stuff, and not too improbable.

Mr. Wright Morris has written THE HUGE SEASON (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), about a group of young American men through their college years and Parisian interludes, and is as much of a contrast to the book above as could be imagined in its brusque style, its constant emphasis on analysis, and its hard, crackling humour.

The last anthology by Hugh Kingsmill, which is divided into six parts covering English literature from Chaucer to the late Victorians, is entitled **THE HIGH HILL OF THE MUSES** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.). *There is an introduction by Hesketh Pearson.*

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF SCIENCE (Heinemann. 25s.) *which describes and illustrates the growth of science from ancient Egypt to the present day, has been written by F. Sherwood Taylor, and illustrated by A. R. Thomson.*

The first Creasey Omnibus, entitled **FOUR OF THE BEST** (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), *contains stories written within the last six years. They are "Hunt the Toff": "Inspector West Alone": "The Prophet of Fire": and "The Department of Death."*

In **ADVENTURES IN LINE AND TONE** (Allen and Unwin. 25s.), *Adrian Hill, who has a reputation as an Art-Therapist, takes the reader in easy stages through the art of drawing.*

IN GRAHAM GREENELAND

A Scandinavian's Journeyings in Central America

Hakon Morne is a Scandinavian novelist of growing repute. Reading his travelogue, CARIBBEAN SYMPHONY (Elek Books. 18s.), one can well understand the reasons for his success. He is one who watches his fellow men with an interest born of his own zest for life. He has a flair for travel, eagerly blending the hardships of sub-tropical journeying on foot with the luxury of hotels well insulated from the rigours of a sub-tropical climate. A dramatic voyage by oil tanker took the author to the Orinoco and Venezuela, land of oil and one of the richest countries in the world. From there his route, much of which has already been charted by Mr. Graham Greene, took him into the republics of Central America, to Costa Rica, Nicaragua and the dreaded mosquito coast. Hakon Morne is concerned both with people and with places. He creates in brilliant fashion the atmosphere of Central America, where poverty and wealth lurk so closely together. A text such as this, one might say, required no adornment, but it so happens that the author has produced a superb set of photographs.

From 1942 until the end of the Second World War counterfeit English treasury notes up to the value of £150,000,000 were produced in Nazi Germany, largely under orders at the Oranienburg concentration camp. A great proportion of these notes was distributed in Sweden, Switzerland, Portugal, Turkey and the Far East with a view to undermining the hard-pressed British economy. In HITLER'S PAPER WEAPON (Rupert Hart Davis. 15s.) Wilhelm Höttl, a young Austrian historian and a former member of the Reich Secret Service, describes how the whole fantastic operation was carried through and, incidentally, how many of the notes were subsequently employed (for instance, for paying the hero of "Operation Cicero"). Two things are not quite clear; how many of these near faultless notes are still doing their rounds in Europe and what happened to the odd £40,000,000 of banknotes lost near the Naval Research Station at Toplitzee in the days when the Reich was crumbling to destruction. They may turn up yet, a disturbing thought for any Chancellor of the Exchequer. Wilhelm Höttl's entertaining story is translated by Basil Creighton.

Mountaineering books crowd upon us thick and fast, but even so there can be no objection to numbers. All that is necessary is a careful discrimination to sift the dross from the gold, the second-hand from the first-hand, the pot-boiler from the genuine contribution to Alpine literature. In the highest category must surely go George Band's ROAD TO RAKAPOSHI (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.). Mr. Band, the youngest member of the successful Everest Expedition and the first man to climb Kangchenjunga, was a member of the Cambridge University Mountain Club's expedition to the Karakoram, in Northern Pakistan, in 1954. Here he tells of the overland journey to the East via Dover, Paris, Trieste, Belgrade, Istanbul, Damascus, Bagdad, Quetta and Peshawar, a journey filled both with interest and incident, and of the assault upon the great peak of Rakaposhi, the northern face of which rises straight out of the gorge of the Hunza River. The Cambridge expedition did not reach the summit of this grand peak, but they returned home satisfied that by hard work and mountaineering skill they had solved the problem of scaling Rakaposhi.

Robert Bialek at the age of thirty-nine is a politician with a vivid, stormy past. Before he was twenty he was a dangerous force when he was a leading member of the Communist Youth Movement in Germany, working underground against the Nazis. With one great break, when he was imprisoned in a concentration camp, Bialek worked ceaselessly against the Nazis. When the Russians came to Breslau Bialek, needless to say, was their man, and he at once achieved high office in the Russian Zone and later in the East German Republic. But his fiery spirit did not accept the chicanery and corruption he found in high party circles. In THE BIALEK AFFAIR (Allan Wingate. 15s.) Stewart Thomson tells excellently the story of this astonishing young man who flatly refused the Communist invitation to make full and abject confession of error and who now lives in West Berlin.

Gerald Durrell is both a writer and an animal collector, his job being to travel to far places to bring back alive the raw material for the Zoological Gardens. His latest book, THE NEW NOAH (Collins. 10s. 6d.), is a description of three such expeditions, one to the Cameroons, one to Guiana, and one to Paraguay. Each animal that comes into Mr. Durrell's hands seems to become a friend and he brings out its distinct personality in a really remarkable way. Ralph Thompson provides some excellent line drawings to go with Mr. Durrell's text.

In TO BE A FISHERMAN (Bles. 16s.) Roy Beddington has produced a book which will be of much value to the learner angler. Others will derive pleasure from its gently written pages. The book is a series of anecdotes, varying from the etiquette of fishing through much useful information on the habits of pike, grayling, and the like, to a short history of eels and elvers.

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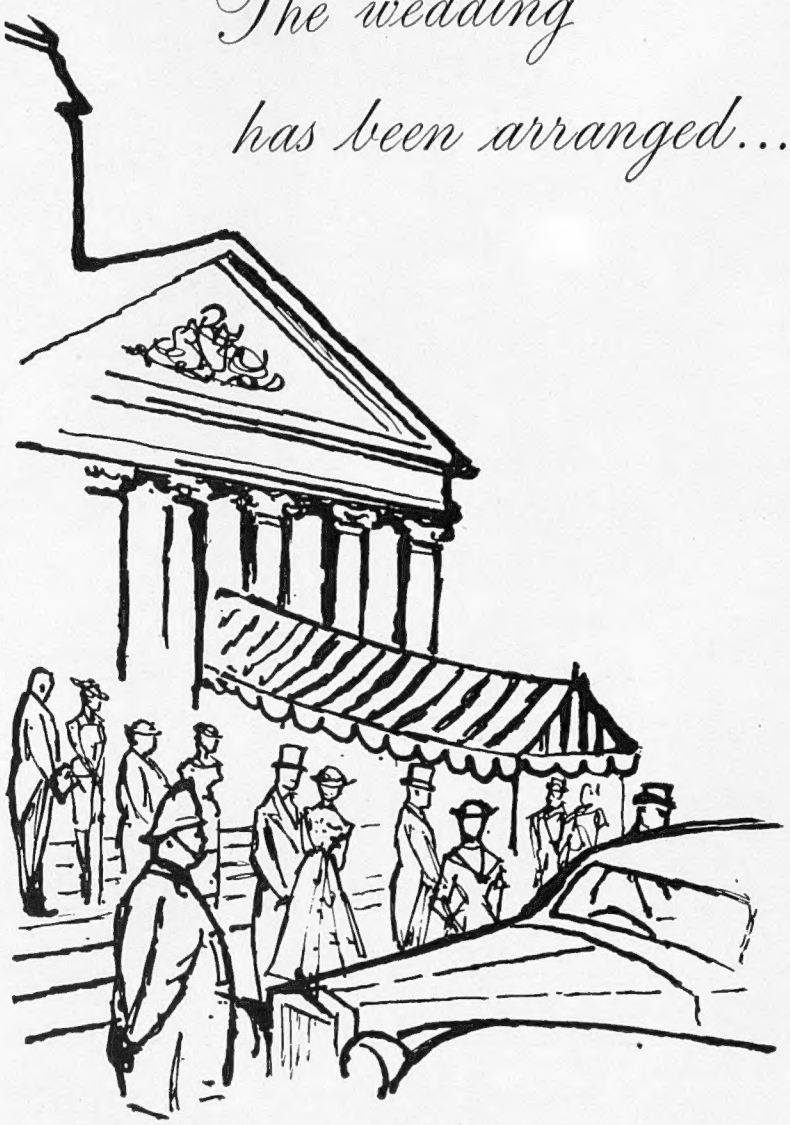

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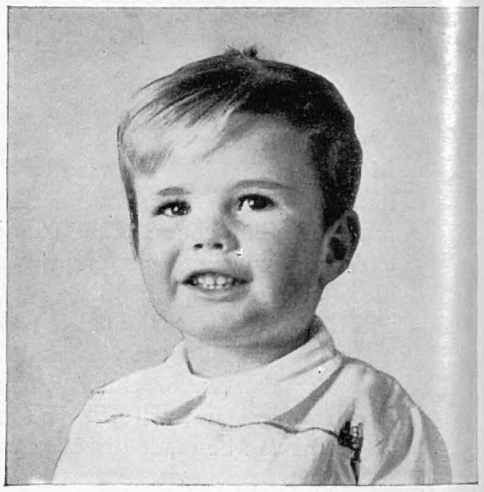

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